Benjamin Franklin Shambaugh

As Iowa Remembers Him

In Memoriam

1871-1940

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The State Historical Society of Iowa

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

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We shall meet again in the dreams which we cast before us as we journey through life. Surely we shall meet again on the horizons.

Benj. F. Shambaugh

Not Farewell

Not farewell to you, therefore, Benjamin Shambaugh, in the sense of your having gone. It will be two-thirds of a century before even your human personality can vanish — as a living reality. And thereafter the fact of your having lived will still affect our Iowa.

Your faith that, even in troubled times, change and adjustment is forever possible within the frame of the liberal philosophy and by the mechanism of the democratic process, your inner assurance, rippling outward to others, that education, to the end of understanding, is the way — that is your more than golden gift, which we hope we may prove to deserve.

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This Book

FEW men are gifted with the breadth of vision and the singleness of purpose that lead to fulfillment. As a student Benjamin F. Shambaugh found a sphere of interest that challenged his best efforts and shaped his career. The zeal for mastery which was kindled by his first research burned ever brighter through the years of his maturity. From his original concept of magnifying local history emerged the plan to dedicate his life to the service of his Commonwealth. With such skill, sincerity, and vigor did he advance the design of productive scholarship and State loyalty that his name became synonymous with Iowa history and ideals. His achievements were widely known and cherished.

Now that vital career has ended, but the spirit of Dr. Shambaugh's work and personality still lives. Hundreds of letters, resolutions, and editorials recounting his achievements and appraising his character bear eloquent testimony of his enduring influence. These tributes from the people of Iowa, directing attention to the various aspects of his life, suggest the pattern for this memorial volume. It is not a biography, for which plans are being made. That the significance of these expressions of esteem may be more fully realized, Mrs. Shambaugh has used her house-book records of the past forty years to assist in introducing each group of tribute-summaries of Dr. Shambaugh's professional career and his distinguishing talents that have left

their imprint on two State institutions and on the lives of thousands of Iowans.

In presenting the personality of Dr. Shambaugh *As Iowa Remembers Him*, it has seemed desirable to indicate authorship by distinctive type: the general narrative is printed in Roman letters; the words of Dr. Shambaugh are in SMALL CAPITALS; and the tributes are quoted in *italics*. The cover design follows Dr. Shambaugh's favorite pattern.

JOHN ELY BRIGGS

OFFICE OF THE EDITOR
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA
IOWA CITY IOWA

NOT FAREWELL TO YOU, BENJAMIN SHAMBAUGH

HIS PEOPLE

THE IOWAN

THE PIONEER

THE LONELY ENTHUSIAST

THE STUDENT OF GOVERNMENT

FAITH IN AN IDEA

THE APOSTLE OF LOCAL HISTORY

WIDER HORIZONS

THE IOWA PROPHET

THE MENTOR OF SCHOLARS

THE EDITOR

FATHER OF THE COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE

ADVOCATE OF LIBERAL EDUCATION

IN PRIVACY AND QUIETNESS

OF MANY TALENTS

THE PERFECTIONIST

GENTLEMAN OF IOWA

THE MEASURE OF GREATNESS

SO GLORIOUSLY ALIVE

MEMORIES OF COLLEAGUES

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

IN THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

His People

In the flood of tributes to the memory of Benjamin F. Shambaugh following the news flashed from coast to coast that his eager spirit had gone on a new quest, one can almost reconstruct the story of the arduous years through which he achieved a national reputation in his two chosen fields. They tell, too, the story of a dynamic and gallant personality that left an imprint upon the life and character of hundreds who have gone with their memories to the four corners of the earth.

There were messages from almost every State in the Union — from public men who gained from him their first concept of American government; statesmen and men of letters who remembered gratefully his gracious gifts as a University host; captains of industry to whom he is still "The Chief", and who still pay homage to his influence as one of the greatest in their lives; presidents of universities and of learned societies who paid tribute to his scholarship, to his dynamic personality, and to his constructive and enduring influence; former associates who recalled his buoyancy, his optimism, and his kindly interest in everybody — and in every phase of life; personal and professional friends who remembered University occasions made memorable by his genius, graciousness, and charm; Iowa graduates of forty years, widely scattered, for whom he had become a University symbol and ideal and who felt

that much of light and joy and genial goodness had gone from the world with him. There were messages from Panama and Mexico, from Canada, England, Japan, China, Hawaii, the Philippines, and India.

When the news of his sudden illness was flashed across the State hundreds of letters and telegrams from within the borders of his own loved State of Iowa brought affectionate good wishes and recorded prayers for his recovery. Myriads of messages followed the heart-breaking shock of the announcement that he had lost his gallant fight, that the University had lost its best known and one of its most loved scholars, and the State of Iowa a loyal and devoted son. There were tributes from men he had served and men who had served him; from those who remembered him as a little brown-eyed boy in the country school, and those who had known him as Iowa's gray-haired *all round Gentleman-Professor*; tributes from classmates and friends who have loved the Iowa campus the more because his life was knitted into the fabric of S. U. I.; colleagues and associates who knew him as the creator of Iowa traditions and the most constructive influence on the University campus; graduates and former students for whom he was as much a part of the campus atmosphere and the Iowa tradition as the Old Stone Capitol, and who remembered his friendliness and personal charm; young undergraduates for whom he had cleared the path of bewildering technicalities; old men of his adopted town whose days were brightened by his cheerful morning greeting; State officials who respected his earnest purpose and high character and paid tribute to his monumental Commonwealth service; Iowans

of many interests and of many age levels with the common bond of State consciousness; Iowans who called themselves *his people* and claimed him as *Iowa's Great Historian.*

Editorials and news stories were written — affectionate and appreciative tributes from the weekly newspapers of the small towns and from the great dailies of the State. To all these interpreters of events he was not only *Iowa's Famous Historian* and *Symbol of Iowa's Past and Future*, but *Iowa's Own Benjamin Shambaugh.*

Pictures were designed and trees planted in his memory, and in his name contributions were made to charitable institutions. A memorial fund began itself, and plans were made to keep his memory a living one. Hundreds of testimonies recognized the life work and imperishable record of a resourceful and vital personality, and hundreds more acknowledged the pervading influence of *Iowa's Gentleman and Scholar.*

Since it is to Iowa that Benjamin Shambaugh preëminently belonged by birth and training and through long service and devotion, this Memorial has been assembled in the spirit of these Iowa tributes — with their singular recognition of the rare combination of the great democrat and the great scholar in this unique, original, and constructive personality who thought of history and government in terms of the hopes and aspirations, the faith and affections of people. In distinctive type the original form of these testimonials has been retained throughout. They are the embodiment of the affection and the gratitude of a people who came to know that Professor Shambaugh's loving concern and loyal zeal for his own native State

found expression in a unique pattern for Commonwealth service that has no parallel in America.

This Memorial is, in truth,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SHAMBAUGH

As Iowa Remembers Him

The Iowan

Dr. Shambaugh was more than a professor, more than a recorder of history, more than a man. He was an Iowa institution, a symbol of Iowa's past and future, and he was, and ever will be an Iowa tradition.

WHEREVER THERE IS TRUTH, WHEREVER THERE IS BEAUTY, WHEREVER THERE IS GOODNESS, WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, NOT FACE TO FACE, BUT MIND TO MIND AND SOUL TO SOUL, THOUGH WE ARE SCATTERED TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH. Thus, with his own goodbye message to his Campus Course students, his beloved State of Iowa voiced its tribute to the spirit and the personality of Benjamin F. Shambaugh as he stepped from his accustomed pathways in the full maturity of his powers, *as much a part of the campus atmosphere and the Iowa tradition as the Old Stone Capitol.*

A native son was Benjamin Shambaugh, who served the State of Iowa for more than forty years in the double capacity of Head of the Department of Political Science in the University and as Superintendent of the State Historical Society of Iowa, working with twenty-one General Assemblies in the interests of Iowa history, and at the same time serving under eight University presidents; winning a national reputation and its highest honors in the field of political science, and bringing renown to the State he loved so well by making the State Historical Society outstanding in America in the field of local and State history. He was prominent, too, as Master of Ceremonies at University convocations and ceremonials. Active on University policy-forming committees, he founded many a living campus institution, and for more than three decades served

as chairman of the senate board on University lectures, where his practical judgment and personal charm made of "University Lectures" a series of memorable occasions. And withal he kept abreast of the tendencies in the whole field of education and instituted an experiment in liberal and cultural education that won the enthusiastic support of students as well as the respect of scholars at home and abroad.

So read in brief the record of Benjamin F. Shambaugh as the flags on the City Hall and the Old Stone Capitol at half mast told of the closing chapter of *his busy, effective, worth while life.*

It is a record that has had no parallel on the University campus, or in State service during the University's ninety-odd, or Iowa's more than one hundred years. In truth, experts in the fields of both State history and government have been able to say that the public service rendered by Dr. Shambaugh and the researches he directed in his two fields have not been surpassed by any institution in any State in the Union.

Professor Shambaugh was often called the most thoroughly Iowan member of the University faculties. For him it was a proud title for he loved the State of Iowa with an almost religious fervor, and believed in its potentialities and its possibilities. He knew the story of the Iowa pioneers and knew the meaning and purpose they had given to the life of the Commonwealth. He saw no reason why Iowa should not produce a Shakespeare, a Beethoven, or a Michael Angelo.

While his name and his work were known from coast to

coast, it was to Iowa that he belonged. On the campus where he had touched every nook and cranny of the life of the University, he was the active department head longest in service, and in the State he had long been acknowledged as "Dean of institutional heads in Iowa".

More Iowa people knew him or knew of his work than any man on the Iowa campus in its history. Every community in Iowa feels it has lost a loyal friend. So writes an Iowa official.

And it is a matter of record that never in the sixty-nine years that spanned the life of this native son has every Iowa hamlet, village, and town more spontaneously and with greater unanimity paused to pay tribute to the life work and service of one they claimed as their own, or expressed more deeply the sense of indebtedness of *his people.* This is the more significant since Professor Shambaugh had become a State figure not through conspicuous public office but through a quiet service akin to that of the scientist in his laboratory. In a growing Commonwealth consciousness the Iowa people had become interested in their own history and through it learned to know the man who had spent his professional life in its collection and preservation. It is the feeling of those who knew him best that this Iowa appreciation would have meant more to him than the national recognition that was his.

There was in these Iowa tributes a spiritual note, a recognition of durable values and a fine appreciation of what he had as a laboratory scientist striven to do, that would have touched him deeply. One of those many hundreds of understanding testimonies reads:

We did not always know who the University president was, and State officials came and went; but two generations of us in the Iowa small towns knew who Benjamin F. Shambaugh of the State Historical Society was, and instinctively we felt the Iowa kinship and recognized the practical devotion that had made us history-conscious and made him Iowa's Great Historian. He made us proud of Iowa, and Iowa was proud of him.

Instinctively we felt the Iowa kinship. In that phrase there is an almost esoteric understanding of his own sense of belonging. To a committee of a board of trustees offering him the position of the presidency of a State university, he replied in expressing his recognition of the honor, No, I BELONG TO IOWA AND "I WOULD DWELL WITH MINE OWN PEOPLE". MY LIFE'S WORK HAS BEEN PLANNED. I MAY NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO COMPLETE IT — BUT I WANT TO GO AS FAR AS I CAN. To Professor Shambaugh's *inner assurance rippling outward to others*, of the deep significance of State and local history, there was through the years a wide response.

The news of the passing of Professor Shambaugh was a tremendous shock to the people of Iowa. His name was the campus name best known in the State. Thousands of Iowans are indebted to him for his scholarly work in Iowa history, or for the effect of his personality on their lives at the State University. His influence in the State and in the University during the past forty years is beyond estimate. No one will ever be able to take his place, but his spirit will lead us on for many years. Such men never die.

His name was known in every corner of the Commonwealth.

Practically every community in Iowa has at least a handful of people who have known and admired Iowa's Beau Brummel professor. They knew him not only as a smart dresser and a gentleman, but as one who knew the answers with regard to political science. Many of his liberal views of government are now statutes on the Iowa books. His memory will live for many years to come.

I have heard all my life the fine things he has done for Iowa and Iowa young people.

Dr. Shambaugh will be remembered as one of the greatest of Iowa's native sons.

We listened to every broadcast during his illness. It was a hopeless vigil but I want you to know how closely the people of the State followed his condition. His record will last as long as the history of the State. It is impossible for us to tell you how much we in Iowa loved and admired him.

Iowa honors itself when it pauses to pay tribute to one of its own truly great men.

Professor Shambaugh will be remembered as one of Iowa's big men, big in his thinking, in his sympathy, and tolerance.

I have been deeply impressed by the almost universal expression of appreciation of Dr. Shambaugh and his life's work. He was recognized as one of Iowa's really great men, and every community in Iowa feels it has a cherished share in the State's pride in his achievements.

In all my years in public life I have never known anyone who enjoyed the affectionate confidence of the Iowa people more than did Dr. Shambaugh.

Brilliantly as he accomplished this work, he might have gone equally far in another profession where the plaudits are more easily obtained. Instead he preferred to remain in the background and tirelessly gathered material that might be of value to his people in the years to come. The gathering of history requires a fine mind and also determined application. History has value only if it is accurate. He had these gifts in rare degree. Men in all walks of life are sorry to see Mr. Shambaugh taken. Such men are found only rarely in this age — the rank and file of people are too lazy, too selfish or too busy gathering money or plaudits to make the sacrifices necessary to succeed as an impartial historian. And he must have received his pay in satisfaction in a life well lived. The people of Iowa will be in his debt forever.

There will be thousands more who will feel his loss just as deeply, but who will not write.

The Pioneer

The son of pioneers, Professor Shambaugh wanted to "save from oblivion" the records of our past. He wanted to interpret it for our guidance today and in the future. He wanted Iowans to understand not merely their own past but the deeper human past, of which ours is but a brief chapter. And he wanted us to understand the larger implication of today's problems.

The Pioneer

PROFESSOR Shambaugh was preëminently the pioneer — as truly the frontiersman in mind and heart as the early settlers who blazed the trails and broke the sod and passed on our Iowa as a precious inheritance. He had all of the pioneer's loyalty to a vision, all of his courage born of faith, and he poured out his energy in the same full measure in vitalizing his ideas and ideals.

In an early address on "The West and the Pioneer" he voiced his own motivating philosphy that gave bent and direction to his life's work and sustained him through the inevitable struggle that is part of every pioneering venture in thought and action. With that ability to foresee trends, which characterized so much of his planning for public service, he struck a note of challenge, more urgent today in the threat to ALL THAT THE AMERICAN DREAM HAS HELD OF HOPE AND PROMISE FOR MANKIND than in the seemingly greater security of that earlier day.

THE WEST IS A STATE OF MIND; THE FRONTIER, A CONDITION; PIONEERING, AN ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE. BEHOLD THE NEW-BORN WEST — THE WEST OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS AND REFORMATION. NEVER WERE THE OPPORTUNITIES OF THE WEST MORE ALLURING; NEVER WAS THE FRONTIER MORE INVITING. NEVER WAS THE CALL FOR PIONEERS MORE URGENT THAN TO THIS FIELD OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS. AND NEVER WAS THERE

GREATER NEED FOR THE BOLD AND DARING ENTERPRISE, THE RUGGED HONESTY AND COURAGEOUS FRANKNESS, THE SERIOUS MINDED INTEGRITY OF THE PIONEER THAN AT THIS VERY HOUR.

THEN AS CHILDREN OF THIS NEW-FOUND WEST, LET US CHERISH THE MEMORY OF OUR PIONEER FATHERS AND FOREFATHERS OF THE OLD-TIME WEST. LET US REJOICE IN THIS REBIRTH OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. LET US FACE THE PROBLEMS AND FIGHT THE BATTLES OF THE FRONTIER OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS WITH THE MANLY COURAGE AND INTEGRITY OF THE PIONEERS. THEY POINTED THE WAY. LET US KEEP THE FAITH.

He was still pioneering as he laid aside his papers when the final summons came.

A young man, in discussing his own future recently, said to him, "It was different in your day. There were more opportunities then, than now". Professor Shambaugh replied, with eyes that flashed with vision, hope, and aspiration, "Boy, what would I not give to be *your* age — with *your* opportunity."

The story of Professor Shambaugh's professional career is one of blazing trails. He was the first State Historical Society superintendent with scientific academic training. He reorganized the administration of the State Historical Society of Iowa and placed its researches upon a scientific basis. And he was the first political scientist of his day to insist that a thorough study of its own State government was one of the functions of political science in a State University.

He was a builder of institutions on the Iowa campus, a

searcher for new and better methods in the field of instruction, a layer of broader foundations for liberal and cultural education — with courage enough always to follow the truth wherever it might lead.

Perhaps it was that the education of Benjamin Shambaugh had begun, as Oliver Wendell Holmes declared a man's education should begin, "two hundred years before he was born". He was of the eighth generation in America on both maternal and paternal sides of the family. His father and mother were Iowa pioneers. He himself was born on the original farm in Clinton County. Thoroughly American and thoroughly Iowan, he brought to his every undertaking a spirit akin to both Pilgrim and Pioneer.

He was born less than twenty years after the purchase of that first farm home west of the Mississippi River. There on a winter evening he heard the oft-repeated story of the early days and learned much of the Romance of the Builders of Empire that was to give direction and color to his own life's work — as typical of the pioneer as the battle with axe and plow of the frontier. In him had persisted the courageous and adventurous spirit of his pioneer forbears. And to him they had bequeathed determination, persistence, loyalty to a vision, and a serious-minded attitude toward life — the feeling that life must have meaning and purpose. And like his pioneer ancestors he worked incredibly hard. He was less than thirty years old when he assumed two major responsibilities — head of the Department of Political Science which he had organized and editor of the State Historical Society which he reorganized.

It was never his way to take responsibility lightly. He had brought these two institutions into being and in their coöperation he saw his great opportunity for State service. Facing that objective, he threw his great energy into the task with all of the driving power of his pioneer forefathers in their conquering of the West.

This two-fold Commonwealth service under the auspices of its own State institutions was a new thought. It had not been tried before. It was only the dream of a young crusader who believed that, WE AT THE UNIVERSITY NEED TO ENLARGE OUR VISION AND TO REALIZE THAT IOWA'S PROBLEMS ARE OUR PROBLEMS. But it was the dream of a young idealist who had the rare gift of turning great dreams into constructive realities. Through the years the two major responsibilities he had assumed with "the serious minded integrity of the pioneer", each in its own field, won national recognition. And the coöperation of the two which his contemporaries called the "Shambaugh Twins" resulted in a Commonwealth service that was not surpassed in any institution in any State.

He was a great man — ahead of his time, and it was his privilege to do a great work in State history and in the field of education. He was on the frontier in thought and spirit, and he was right! In time the academic world will catch up. It must if it would save itself. In time the significance of his pioneering will be fully understood. It will become one of the traditions of his University and his Commonwealth.

His was a vigorous and inspiring mind, far seeing, com-

prehensive. He did a great work and has left an imperishable monument. His service to Iowa is beyond estimate.

Such tributes from editors and public men to the creative, the constructive influence of Dr. Shambaugh are many. He himself called pioneering an attitude toward life, and in that sense he was to the end preëminently the pioneer, the frontiersman, the discoverer of unexplored territory.

"Shambaugh has found another bit of blue sky", a University president was wont to describe his enthusiastic prevision of a new undertaking. It runs like a silver thread throughout his long academic career. A new field for educational experiment that "would never succeed" — but did; a library lecture room of unusual charm created out of space that no one had noticed before; a pattern for the study of State history and government, unorthodox, untried — which became a model; a new method of instruction, a new training for assistants, viewed skeptically by the it-never-has-been-done-befores; a score of University institutions that refuted the prophecy that they "would not work" — all now a part of the accepted University routine, all beginning as "Shambaugh's bit of blue sky", and miraculously turned into the substantial and the workable!

Though the path of his career traversed uncharted areas, he never sought the easy way but plunged boldly into the wilderness of academic problems and, with conviction for his guide, contributed much toward finding a better way of life.

There is no mortal way of appraising the part Professor Shambaugh played in the upbuilding of the University of Iowa. Such men are rare in any institution. Other men may come. No one can take his place. That he will keep always in the University and in our hearts.

We were associated, in and out of the University, for over forty years, and his loss is a very real sorrow to me. I cannot tell you how kind, how generous he was to me in my early years on the campus when I needed friends; in countless ways he did me good turns then. When I resigned last spring, he was one of the first to come to my office, and I shall never forget some of the things he told me then. The University has lost one of its most valuable men, but to me the loss is deeper because it is personal.

There was a kind of selectivity about him which found even in little details a sense of beauty and dignity; which could color the life of a commonplace pioneer ploughman of Iowa, for instance, with a significance that was more than merely history.

The Lonely Enthusiast

Under the skillful touch of Dr. Shambaugh his dream-pattern for the study of Iowa History came to life. He has done his work worthily. Some day the greatness of its significance will be better understood. His work will live as long as Iowa is Iowa. He will be remembered gratefully as one of Iowa's great men.

The Lonely Enthusiast

It was as a thesis for the Master of Arts degree, when Master's theses were new and rare at the University, that Benjamin Shambaugh wrote the story of Iowa City — the Territorial Capital of Iowa — his first contribution to Iowa history. And while in the years that followed, as Editor of the publications of the State Historical Society, he wrote, planned, directed, and edited more than 75,000 pages of Iowa history, it is significant that forty-six years after that slender little volume on Iowa City appeared in print in 1893 he again told the story of Iowa's Territorial capital in *The Old Stone Capitol Remembers*, a book of 435 pages which marked the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Iowa City in 1839. Indeed, his respect for the symbolism of historical landmarks, as revealed in his story of institutional beginnings in Iowa City, has done much to give to the Old Stone Capitol its spiritual personality. It is significant, too, in the light of his early interest in the first settlers who gave character to the Commonwealth of Iowa that, as his last contribution to the field of Iowa history, he had just edited and seen through the press the first of two volumes on *Iowa Pioneer Foundations* by George F. Parker, which he regarded as PERHAPS THE MOST THOROUGH AND COMPREHENSIVE WORK EVER WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED ON THE PIONEER.

Years of achievement as a scientific research historian

never dimmed Professor Shambaugh's respect for the first settler's own story. It was through his recognition of its dignity and worth that the young Superintendent early won the confidence of the pioneers themselves. Forty years later he foresaw that the encyclopedic Parker volumes would be sought by libraries for their historical value.

Somewhere in that first disturbance of those dust-laden records in the old Historical Society rooms above a hardware store near the center of the town, there developed in this self-trained twenty-two year old research student a vision of a Literature of Iowa History. Said one of his University classmates, *I do not believe I ever knew anyone who formulated in his boyhood such a fine career and who then worked it out any more fully.* Men later called him a practical idealist because of his gift of *converting what appeared to be inaccessible hopes into jewels of reality.*

The 75,000 pages of Iowa history published by the State Historical Society under his direction and made accessible to the people of Iowa through public and college libraries is a partial fulfillment of the dream of the lonely young enthusiast as he built his coal fire in the old cast-iron stove in the State Historical Society rooms of the early nineties and wiped the dust from the table for his books and papers each time he delved into the story of the pioneers. And characteristic of his ever expanding vision he was, as he stepped from the Iowa campus in the prime of his usefulness, engaged in one of his most ambitious projects — a centennial history of Iowa of many volumes which he hoped would be COMMENSURATE WITH THE DIGNITY OF THE STATE AND WORTHY OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ITS

PEOPLE. There is probably not an important library in the United States, from the Congressional Library in Washington to the Huntington Library in California, without its collection of the publications of the State Historical Society of Iowa, "a collection that has added many cubits to the stature of Iowa".

Through the vision and the indefatigable labors of this youthful dreamer of the early nineties, first as research worker, then as a member of the Board of Curators, and finally as Superintendent and Editor, the State Historical Society developed from a musty, dusty collection of books and "specimens" above the hardware store, open once a week for visitors, to the foremost rank in America with research and publication as its dominant purpose. *For a third of a century Benjamin Shambaugh substantially was the Historical Society. He was its leader, its energizer, its promoter, its manager, its soul.* He made of it "a model and incentive" and "an example and stimulus to other States". In spite of fluctuating budgets and other vicissitudes, it has maintained its reputation as "the most notable in its field of any in the American States".

From the age of twenty-two to the age of sixty-nine Benjamin Shambaugh was The Dreamer, and his dreams, like the great dreams of the past, had a force strong enough to reshape institutions. He was preëminently the man of vision, but was never visionary as the world uses the term. He had the rare faculty of combining the practical and the theoretical so that ideals were realized and dreams came true.

That first dream of a Literature of Iowa History, and

the determination to bring that dream to life, was only the rehearsal of the part he played with such distinction through the years on the stage of Iowa and the University. He made his entrance upon that stage without instruction, without encouragement, and without funds. But he had received rarer gifts from a long line of ancestors whose faith and indomitable courage helped to bring to fulfillment the Great American Dream, that combination of hope and opportunity which in the West produced a new philosophy of political equality and social democracy.

DREAMS . . . DID I SAY DREAMS? . . . STRANGE POTENCY, THIS THING WE CALL DREAMS, said The Dreamer himself on a recent occasion.

When the curtain fell upon his closing act, Benjamin Shambaugh was still dreaming of Iowa's tomorrows and tomorrows, still striving in noble simplicity to convert those dreams into *jewels of reality.*

And we shall never fail those glorious dreams which are our heritage for having been in the presence of "that miracle of nature — a man both great and good".

Shambaugh brought perfect order to the historical work room, published original sources and always had interesting problems on hand. And how much he was able to get out of the muddy political history and the thousands of dry documents and letters which he gathered, guarded and arranged.

The standard set for the study of State history and the

actual volume of historical research done under the direction of Dr. Shambaugh are greater than that of any other man. He is preëminently Iowa's Great Historian.

Dr. Shambaugh certainly made a great contribution to the State as well as to the University, and will live as an eminent personality in his works as well as in the memory of his students and friends. Few men in Iowa have so projected their ability and their influence.

The State Historical Society library, under his superintendence, developed into one of the most complete of its kind. But it was never a museum. It was a laboratory and workshop for valuable research and study.

From a meager collection of uncatalogued material, he developed the resources of the State Historical Society into a research library, for the creation of Commonwealth consciousness through extensive publication.

What a glorious success he made of his life and of his life's work.

I think there are few people who knew Mr. Shambaugh for a longer time and as favorably as I. We were school mates and class mates together and for many, many years my visits to Iowa City and to your splendid home were frequent and of a most happy character. I do not believe I ever knew anyone who formulated in his boyhood such a fine career and who then worked it out any more fully

and lived a more intellectual life than Mr. Shambaugh. At the same time he had such human qualities. He liked people and seemed to know how to meet them and to keep up high ideals in the midst of the crowd which often times does not possess them.

Even in those early student days we instinctively knew him to be a truly great personality.

To have known something of the vigor and of the understanding of his spirit has been a high privilege. He has left an indelible stamp upon his State and he has added greatly to its mental wealth.

I knew Ben when he was a Freshman in the University. Even in those early days he showed a rare moral courage and a desire to do things well. In student competition he was an invaluable asset. He never failed us.

He had the finest courage I have known. It was Emerson who said, "Thou canst not hope too much, or dare too much". That was Benjamin Shambaugh as I knew him for half a century.

The sorrow of those who knew Dr. Shambaugh must be tempered with gratefulness for having known this man of sterling courage and ideals.

He had enthusiasm and wisdom, vision and faith. He was aggressive but also sympathetically tolerant.

The loss to every one seems overwhelming. The University has lost an irreplaceable figure, and the State of Iowa one of its great men whose remarkable contribution will be more and more recognized as time goes on.

During my son's University course we always realized that the awakening of his mind was largely due to the influence of Professor Shambaugh for whom he has always cherished an affection.

The campus has been enriched by a thousand memories of one of Iowa's ablest men.

He was a student in my classes in the early days of my teaching. Only recently he wrote me a beautiful letter reminding me of those good old times when we read Plato's "Republic" together in my class in Greek Philosophy. During all these years he has remained one of my best and steadfast friends. He has always been one fine, honest, manly man — a great teacher and a scholarly writer.

It was with deep regret I read in Time *of the death of my old friend and student Benjamin Shambaugh. Well do I remember him as a boy — his great big brown eyes full of mischievousness and merriment — always up with his work. I just can't realize the lad — my old boy student of that old schoolhouse out on those old Iowa prairies gone and I fourteen years his senior — has passed. Words cannot express my regret. The University has sustained a great loss.*

For forty years he has been the University, past, present, and future for hundreds of us who have acknowledged through the years the moulding inflence of his magnetic personality. For us the University will never be the same without his gracious and stimulating presence. Nature makes no duplicates. His personality can not be replaced.

Dr. Shambaugh was a remarkable individual and rendered great service to the University and the State. My admiration for him increased through the years and I was very proud of my inclusion among his friends.

The impact of a great, noble, creative, human personality such as Dr. Shambaugh reaches out and out in a thousand ways to affect and influence the lives of those of us who strive for the things he stood for. There is much for all of us to do here and now and we must resolve to do it with all of those qualities of courage, determination, wisdom and joyousness with which he would have undertaken one of his cherished projects.

He devoted himself to teaching Iowa's youth to love their native State.

Such a loss to the University, to the State, and to all whom he influenced is inestimable, but his good works will ever live on as a memorial.

The Student of Government

It was not alone through his monumental work in Iowa history that he enjoyed the affectionate confidence of the Iowa people. Thousands of University students from every corner of the State have known and admired Benjamin F. Shambaugh, eminent political scientist and gentleman professor at the University.

The Student of Government

BENJAMIN Shambaugh's training was primarily in political science, and it was in this comparatively new field that he pursued his graduate work in the University of Pennsylvania where he was granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Those were the years of that "stupendous outburst of intellectual energy" in the universities of Europe which made graduate study abroad almost imperative for the more ambitious of the young Ph. D.'s in training at our eastern universities, and it was from the University of Pennsylvania that Benjamin Shambaugh went for study in his chosen field of government in the Universities of Halle, Leipzig, and Berlin.

When President Charles Ashmead Schaeffer called him back to the University of Iowa to teach government he met his first classes in January, 1896, in the Old Stone Capitol — the beloved building that was ever to be for him the embodiment and the symbol of the Romance of Iowa History, STILL FAITHFULLY PERFORMING ITS SPIRITUAL FUNCTION OF LINKING THE MEMORIES OF THE PAST WITH THE HOPES AND ASPIRATIONS OF THE FUTURE.

University trained Doctors of Philosophy were few on the Iowa campus when the young political scientist returned to his own State of Iowa and his own University to join the instructional staff. He was younger than many of his students. He was tall and strikingly handsome. He

was immaculate and well-tailored. He was gracious and had an appreciation of the inherent dignity of the cultured gentleman. There was a flashing friendliness in his smile. He was the personification of Youth and Vigor and Enthusiasm, and he brought to the study of government a delightful freshness and charm.

To their own surprise the students found government interesting. They committed to memory the Constitution of the United States and liked it. They made original studies in comparative governments and filed the results of their findings in the University Library, and when these files were destroyed in the Library fire they felt that the world had lost much! Parents reported to the University that the interest of their hitherto indifferent sons had been awakened under his stimulating influence.

President Schaeffer was delighted. Classes grew and promotions were frequent. Soon a separate Department of Political Science was established. The young Professor Shambaugh organized it and, as he completed his forty-fourth year of service, it remained the only instance in the University of a department still headed by the man who started it.

Under the direction of Dr. Shambaugh the Department of Political Science grew from a staff of one instructor teaching three courses and enrolling sixty-nine students in 1896 to a department with a staff of ten members teaching thirty-eight courses and enrolling nearly ninteen hundred students in 1940.

These figures are the more significant when it is remembered that all courses in political science were elective.

The department came to be recognized as one of the most prominent in America — in its general plan, in courses of study offered, in the training of graduate students, as well as in student enrollment. For more than a third of a century "Shambaugh's Department in Iowa" stood fifth among American universities in the number of Ph. D.'s granted. His devotion to State history and State government was not provincial, nor did the combination of history and government limit the scope of his interest in political science.

All of his inborn sense of obligation and responsibility came into play in the training of those young Doctors of Philosophy for what they believed and he hoped would be their life's work. And one of the joys of the later years was the knowledge that in a survey of American trained Doctors of Philosophy ten years after receiving their degrees, political science at Iowa ranked very high. Into that training went his own original technique — constructive always — though often a challenge to the standardized pattern of the day. Along with the effort to cultivate a new understanding there was the preservation of old loyalties. WE MUST NOT TAKE AWAY — WE MUST ADD, was his admonition. WE WILL ADJUST OURSELVES TO THAT WHICH MUST CHANGE, BUT ATTACH OURSELVES TO THAT WHICH ENDURES.

These Ph. D.'s in political science were widely scattered, but wherever they were and whatever their honors or achievements they were still *his*. He knew the personal joys and sorrows, and the professional hopes and plans of every one.

Many years ago Reuben Gold Thwaites of the Wisconsin State Historical Society called these young doctors in training "Shambaugh's Boys". It expressed a relationship that was mutually precious and the term still lives in today's messages of love and loyalty. Many of Shambaugh's Boys are teachers of government in universities and colleges. Some are in State and Federal service. All are a credit to "The Chief" and their University — professionally and as citizens — and in their turn are passing on the torch to their own students and associates, which is perhaps an institution's greatest justification.

I know that it must be a great source of comfort to realize the great influence for good and for humanity The Chief exerted on so many hundreds — yes thousands — of his students.

As only one of many disciples now engaged in directing the thought and action of hundreds of other students, I often realize the source of many of the ideals which guide my teaching and inspire my relations with my students. The good life, the ever-present goal for society — the picture of the inter-relationship of the forces that make up the modern world, the idea of humanitarianism, of tolerance, of open-mindedness, of fair play, of scholarly achievement — these ideals will continue to spark the intellectual efforts of over seventy Ph. D.'s and countless thousands of others.

Yet these qualities were only a few of those The Chief radiated. That is why we pause, in sorrow, to pay tribute to a great man. We can be strong in the realization, how-

ever, that to many of us he will continue to be a great inspiration. His was a concrete example of the good life. We must carry on his work; foster his ideals; fight the good fight.

Only a few when they pass leave a great void as when a giant oak situated on an eminence falls in a storm. Dr. Shambaugh was such a preëminent personality. He can never be replaced but his example may well serve as a challenge and a model to all of his Boys. To do less than our best would constitute a breach of faith with him.

All Iowa mourns. Dr. Shambaugh is enshrined in the hearts of countless students who knew and loved him. To stamp your spirit on a great institution through forty-five years of active service is a contribution few men ever give. The Shambaugh tradition on the campus will live always.

To me he was a great understanding teacher, a wise generous counselor, and a great warm-hearted friend, towering in his noble helpful impulses far above us. To me also, as to many, many others, he was a continuing source of strength and inspiration as we attempted to shoulder new and heavier burdens and met as best we might new and untried problems. I shall always cherish my association with him as the rarest of privileges.

I wonder if he realized how much his friendliness and kindness meant to a student "on his own" financially and in every other way. I am deeply grateful.

I cannot adequately describe the great influence Dr. Shambaugh had on me and on all of us boys who got our first concept of American Government from him.

Professor Shambaugh was my favorite teacher in college days and one of my best friends at all times.

For nearly forty years he had been "the University" for me, and I always called at his office as soon as I arrived in town. The principal landmark is now gone. Not only for me but for hundreds of others "there is a vacant place upon the hill".

Dr. Shambaugh was a great man, more than a great teacher, editor and scholar. His graduate students looked to him for guidance and inspiration and he never failed them. Each year he has drawn tighter and tighter the cords of love.

I came to Iowa without funds or friends, possessing only a scholarship and a desire for a college education. Fate must have played a part in my decision to major in political science for in so doing I learned to know Dr. Shambaugh and to know him was to be inspired. Many students must have put forth their best efforts as I did, largely because they desired his respect and wanted to reward his efforts on their behalf. I will forever cherish the memory of his stimulating lectures, his genuine kindness, his dignified concern, and his ever present sense of humor. We enjoyed him so thoroughly because he enjoyed us.

I shall consider it one of the greatest privileges and the greatest honor of my life that I was allowed to study under Dr. Shambaugh and to receive the boundless benefits of association with him as a graduate student.

We graduate students owe so much of our progress to his aid and encouragement. His ideas and ideals will be a challenge to us always.

He wanted something more of University students than his own echo.

To lose Professor Shambaugh has been a heart breaking experience for us all. It is a joy to think of the way he has blessed thousands of students whose lives will be altogether different from what they could possibly have been without his fellowship.

Professor Shambaugh was one of the most renowned and beloved educators Old Gold has ever had.

We have found a universal appreciation among his students, graduate and undergraduate, for he not only taught, but inspired, challenged, and helped all those who came within his orbit.

His ideal of teaching had its foundation in the methods of Plato, Socrates, and other scholars of old. He believed that a teacher to be most effective should lead, not drive — inspire, not require.

While we know that his spirit lingers we shall miss his presence and his greeting. The University will never be the same for those of us for whom he laid a foundation of knowledge and thought. What a wide circle of lives were touched by his — and were given a broad outlook that no one else could give.

Dr. Shambaugh was the personification and the physical embodiment of everything I wanted and sought during my senior year at the University. The remembrance of his poise and assurance has helped me to keep some sense of direction in these trying times. I have learned to keep a definite plan of living in view, a definite goal ahead of me, an open mind for new suggestions and more things to learn, sufficient pliancy to achieve my objectives along a new and better path if possible. So many issues he has clarified anew for me.

I met with two other former students of about ten years ago. One is an attorney and the other is an accomplished pianist. You see our interests or vocations are varied. When we talked of Iowa we all mentioned our vivid memories of one conspicuous impressive and beloved character whom we all affectionately called "Benny" and we agreed with an eastern man that our days at the University were worth while for the memory we have of one dear professor.

Faith in an Idea

As long as the men and women of Iowa can speak with pride of Iowa's past, so long as they can plan with hope for its future, they will remember gratefully Professor Shambaugh, Iowa's great historian, through whose unique Commonwealth service shines his own faith and loyalty.

GRADUATE study in the East and in Europe did not blot out in the youthful author of Iowa City the vision of opportunity for public service through a well-ordered program for the study of State history. His broader training in the field of political science had only deepened the conviction that a thorough study of its own State government was one of the functions of political science in a State University.

It was an unorthodox viewpoint on the University campus in the nineties and found little sympathy among the rank and file of the University faculty. But happily President Schaeffer, himself a scientist with a sound sense of human values, caught the note of Youth and Enthusiasm, of Aim and Purpose in the proposed program, and saw something worth fostering in its author's Faith in an Idea. The first money for Iowa historical research for the use of the young political scientist was found somehow somewhere by President Schaeffer in a day of meager University funds.

It was thus in the day of beginnings under the friendly encouragement of President Schaeffer that the youthful Professor Shambaugh commenced his unique pattern for double State service in government and history — a pattern that grew in breadth and understanding for more than forty years, and was to bring into national promi-

nence both political science in the University and his researches in Iowa history, government, and politics; a pattern that was to result in a public service for the State of Iowa *without a rival in any State in the Union.*

Within two years after Dr. Shambaugh's return to the University, President Schaeffer died, and the memory of his encouragement and support was ever a tender one. Perhaps it was the spirit of President Schaeffer that lived in Professor Shambaugh's life-long sympathetic help for beginners, and in his flinging open the doors of opportunity that his own young people might fulfill their potentialities. WE CAN NOT ALWAYS RETURN A KINDNESS, he was wont to say, BUT THERE IS ALWAYS THE OPPORTUNITY OF KEEPING IT A LIVING THING BY PASSING IT ON. Today many hundreds of grateful tributes bear witness to his own mastery of the art of being kind.

The extensive researches of the State Historical Society in the field of Iowa government and politics were the outgrowth of Professor Shambaugh's fundamental belief that the State Historical Society of Iowa and the Department of Political Science in the State University could and should coöperate in practical public service. This double service in theory and practice was even more disturbing to the University campus of forty years ago than the first scientific venture into the study of Iowa history. The prevailing feeling was that this active interest in State and local history and in State and local government was beneath the dignity of a University professor, and many were the jibes and taunts of his well-meaning colleagues. "Why do you do it, Shambaugh?" asked one in all friendliness.

"You are too good a man to waste your talents on Iowa history!"

It was not always easy to work in that atmosphere, particularly when administrative opposition entered into it, but "With hands that were tender, eyes that shone, and a voice that thrilled," as was said of him later, he went forward step by step with the faith of a crusader and the zeal of a patriot.

"You have an organization here worthy of the history of Rome!" laughingly said one of Iowa's best-known literary men.

To which he smilingly replied, AND WHY SHOULD THE HISTORY OF IOWA HAVE AN ORGANIZATION LESS WORTHY THAN THE HISTORY OF ROME?

But here and there in the day of beginnings there were notes of encouragement from the "new school" of educators in older institutions. Among them was Edmund J. James of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, who wrote, "It is a fine work! Keep it up — and don't be discouraged if no one in the next ten years knows what you are trying to do!" Today experts in both history and government pay the highest tribute to "the notable public service" of the past four decades of "the Iowa prophet who had a dream and had the courage to tell it". The knowledge that the validity of his emphasis on local history had been recognized was his reward.

With the great faith of the practical idealist Dr. Shambaugh went forward in the belief that from a better knowledge of the firmness of the Iowa foundations would come the practical solution of current problems of legisla-

tion and administration — and, in the years ahead, his faith was justified.

Of these researches of the past forty years *The American Historical Review* has said in recent years, "Here history is raised to the dignity of a coördinate agency of government, assisting through historical scholarship to throw light upon vexing present day questions . . . It was such a public function as this that led John Quincy Adams in 1844 to declare that historical societies were among the most useful of human institutions".

A study of the same achievements led the Brookings Institution in 1933 to rank first in excellence and practical State service the "exhaustive and scholarly studies published by the State Historical Society of Iowa under the leadership of the Political Science Department of the University," and it attributed this success "almost entirely to its relationship with the University and to the personal ability and ideals of the Society's superintendent and editor who has been head of the political science department of the University."

As far as institutions can be molded by one man and reflect his ideas for a period of forty years, the State Historical Society and its working program in coöperation with the Department of Political Science are the embodiment of Benjamin F. Shambaugh and his Faith in an Idea.

A University president once pointed out that each of Dr. Shambaugh's two responsibilities, measured by academic standards, was a full-time job. Nights and Sundays and vacations, all that the average academic man regarded as legitimate leisure, went unfalteringly and ungrudgingly

into the working out of his plan and pattern for the study of Iowa history, government, and politics. He was the first man on the campus in the morning and the last to leave at night. An early colleague said that he had never been convinced that there could be three half days in a man's working day until he saw Benjamin Shambaugh in action.

To system and efficiency and a constructive imagination, nature had added *the priceless asset of a magnificent physique,* and the joyous spirit of achievement. No one with a less vigorous constitution than his could have borne the insistent labor to which he subjected himself during his forty-four years of double service, and no one with less faith than his in the worthiness of the objective could have endured the strain of those arduous years. One of his later admirers, himself a great executive, said of him, "When Benjamin Shambaugh with his foresight and his phenomenal executive and administrative gifts, entered the academic field, industry lost a captain. His would have been one of the great names in the business world today."

Opportunities came that would have tempted most gifted young professors to enter more lucrative fields — but not Benjamin Shambaugh. The vision of a Literature of Iowa History and the dream of a State service, conceived by the twenty-two year old graduate student working in the rooms of the old Historical Society with its huge sleepy-eyed stuffed alligator for company, had grown brighter and more appealing. In him was a deep-rooted attachment to the Iowa soil and the intimate sense of belonging to the Iowa tradition. This was the work he loved, the field he sought, and he threw himself into it with ardor

and enthusiasm. Once convinced of the worthiness of a cause he gave to it the uttermost of his many talents and his effective energy. His Faith in an Idea that could lift him to the peak of devotion challenged the admiration of his co-workers throughout his active years. "Nothing is achieved without enthusiasm. The way of life is wonderful. It is abandonment." In these words of Emerson the way of life of Benjamin Shambaugh is mirrored.

Added to his broad grasp of fundamental principles was the "transcendent capacity for taking trouble" which has been called genius. For the perfection of the thing in hand nothing was too much trouble, whether it was the writing of a letter or the introduction of a speaker, the conducting of a University ceremonial, the revision of a manuscript, the editing of a book, the reorganization of a course of study, or the planning of administrative details. There was never a time in his forty-four years of service when he would not tax his resources to the limit (as he sometimes did) to make a piece of work a little better. In this attention to detail, while never losing sight of the larger purpose it was to serve, lay his unusual ability to bring things to pass so nearly as he wanted them. And for him the reward for a thing well done was having done it. He never asked, "What is there in it for me?"

Lean years in State appropriations following the great depression slowed down the research and publication tempo, and he never completed the study of the State as a contributing force in American political and social ideals. The working plans are still upon his desk awaiting the loving concern of a new apostle with a faith in the vital signif-

icance of the plan that will lift him to the same point of devotion.

While he was not to know the joy of complete fulfillment, it was his privilege to know while still at the height of his usefulness that he had brought honor to the State he loved so well and that the notable public service to Iowa he had rendered through his historical and political researches had not been surpassed by any institution in any State in the country. And he knew, too, that the work directed by what his early colleagues regarded as the misguided young Doctor of Philosophy wasting his talents on the profitless study of local history had been pronounced by scholars in government and history not only of great importance from the standpoint of scholarship in both fields, but "of exceedingly practical interest to voters, taxpayers, legislators, and administrators". What those without his Faith in an Idea had deemed a purely local cause proved to be universal in spirit.

APPLIED HISTORY IS NOT A DREAM, he wrote in his introduction to the series of volumes under that title, BUT A SOUND AND INTELLIGENT METHOD OF INTERROGATING THE PAST IN THE LIGHT OF THE CONDITIONS OF THE PRESENT AND THE OBVIOUS NEEDS OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE TO THE END THAT A RATIONAL PROGRAM OF PROGRESS MAY BE OUTLINED AND FOLLOWED IN LEGISLATION AND ADMINISTRATION.

"He is not an opportunist," reads an Iowa characterization while he was still at his desk. "His eye is always on the future and his mind busy with the things that can be done *now* to prepare for a vital need when the time arrives.

The practical result of this far-seeing planning is evidenced particularly in the work he has done along the line of applied history and politics. Time and again the legislature and the officers of the State and the people of the State in general have come suddenly up against a situation where it was essential to know what had been the experience in similar cases in the past, how the crises had been met before, and what had been the results. With what seemed like magic the desired information appeared under his editorship in carefully digested form. The magic, however, lay in the fact that long before the occasion arose Professor Shambaugh had foreseen such a need and gone to work ahead of time to prepare the needed material."

An innate desire for excellence and the willingness to make any sacrifice necessary to attain that goal was manifest in whatever came to the hand of Professor Shambaugh to do. There was always the effort to approach the ideal. He was his own most severe critic and task master. *No disparagement changed his course; no flattery weakened his judgment.* It was his belief that most inspiration is just hard work. He never allowed himself to be swallowed up in the flood of things which do not count. In a day of manifold diversions he had the rare gift of concentration and threw himself into the work at the moment demanding attention with all of the energy he had.

The installation ceremony for a recent University president under his direction was pronounced by hundreds in attendance as "perfect". It was the culmination of six weeks' planning and preparation on the part of the meticulous chairman. And when in his sixty-ninth year he

wrote *The Old Stone Capitol Remembers* in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Iowa City in 1839 (a field he was, perhaps, more familiar with than any man in Iowa), he gave to it an average of seven hours a day for many months, over and above his administrative duties for two institutions, his daily routine, and the extracurricular activities that had always been a part of his day. In the end he produced a pioneer classic portraying the part that not one but every serious-minded group of pioneers and homesteaders has played in the formation and expression of the typical American life and spirit.

Catching the note of the universal in this story of the beginning of the Iowa Commonwealth, a reviewer in the New York *Times* wrote, "In his 'The Old Stone Capitol Remembers' Dr. Shambaugh, the learned and indefatigable editor of the State Historical Society of Iowa has here presented us with a fascinating microcosm of the history of the West". And in the end, too, he presented this story of Iowa's first toddling steps in what has repeatedly been called "poetic prose".

He loved good music and under its creative influence he could best obtain his objective — whether it was the conducting of a meeting, the delivery of a speech, the writing of a book, or drafting a plan for future fulfillment. His sense of cadence and rhythm was carried into his writing. The sound of words was important, and reading a chapter aloud was sometimes the final test.

Often he returned to an earlier piece of work with surprise at its excellence. He was singularly modest about

his own attainments. There was always something of the element of the unexpected in praise that came to him. *He was endowed with the humility of true greatness.*

A nimble wit and a keen sense of fun served as a fine balance for the seriousness with which he had always taken life. He had the gracious faculty of reversing a compliment. When congratulated on his "keen wit, happy expression and gift of a finished orator", he answered, "Would there be any sound if there were no ear to hear it? Would there be a good speech if there were not an appreciative audience"? Praise never swept him off his feet. It only intensified his sense of responsibility.

There was a shade of sadness in later years, the sadness of a sensitive man in a world of threatening disintegration, and its present-day refusal to believe in tomorrow's responsibilities. But over and above his deep concern was his shining faith in the essential valor and decency of the human spirit. In the everlasting strength of the moral, intellectual, and spiritual he doubted not; and an abiding faith in the desire and the ability of the younger generation to mobilize those forces where their elders had failed sustained his natural optimism.

The name and fame of Benjamin Shambaugh are secure. His services to the State as Iowa's Great Historian, and to the University as an inspiring teacher, a remarkable organizer and a skillful administrator are a matter of record. But who can put into words the story of the influence of his high character, his unspotted integrity, his deep and abiding loyalties, his spiritual poise and genuine culture?

No one could have been more devoted to the interest of the University and of the Commonwealth.

We have spoken often of the remarkable contribution made by Dr. Shambaugh to the University and to the State of Iowa, a contribution which will be more and more recognized as time goes on.

He was one of the most constructive forces in the University and in his State. I know that his spirit will go marching on through the years to come.

His services to the Historical Society, to the University, to multitudes of students, and to the field of scholarship; and the nobility of his personality and character will be a lasting influence for the advancement of humanity.

A life of hope and inspiration and leadership, and a record for devoted service that has not been paralleled in all the annals of a Commonwealth. In this there is comfort.

He was one of the outstanding men in the history of the development of the University. The State feels a large degree of pride in the splendid service which he rendered.

Professor Shambaugh infused new life and spirit into the University and the State Historical Society. For forty years he has been an invaluable asset to both institutions and leaves a monumental record for work well done. He

was a gallant, impressive, irreplaceable figure. For thousands of Iowans he represents an epoch that now ends.

He leaves behind him an immortal influence in the University and the Historical Society.

Dr. Shambaugh's services to the University and the State are incalculable. All great men have been builders and for forty years Dr. Shambaugh was a builder in Iowa, a builder of institutions and a builder of character. It will be impossible to replace him.

The Apostle of Local History

Dr. Shambaugh was a great Iowan and a great scholar. He was destined to do more to advance the historical interests of the State than any other man of his generation. Iowa will be in his debt forever.

The Apostle of Local History

In today's complete recognition of the frontier as one of the major influences in American life and American historical development it is difficult to realize that this was not the accepted viewpoint a half century ago when Dr. Shambaugh, "the herald of Iowa's Renaissance", as he was later called, began his own pioneering in the field.

The mild amusement and the mocking of his colleagues over the unorthodox interest in local history on the part of this scientifically trained student of American government merely mirrored the attitude of American historians in general, who, at that period, still viewed every subject from the national standpoint and regarded local and commonwealth history of little importance. This, to Dr. Shambaugh, the new Apostle of Local History, was "to study history backward". To him THE REAL LIFE OF THE AMERICAN NATION . . . IS LIVED IN THE VERY COMMONPLACES OF THE SHOP, THE FACTORY, THE STORE, THE OFFICE, IN THE MINE, AND ON THE FARM. THROUGH THE COMMONWEALTHS THE LIFE AND SPIRIT OF THE NATION ARE BEST EXPRESSED. AND EVERY LOCAL COMMUNITY, HOWEVER HUMBLE, PARTICIPATES IN THE FORMATION AND EXPRESSION OF THAT LIFE AND SPIRIT. And so with all the power of his dynamic personality he pleaded for the study of history "from the bottom up instead of from the top down".

As the young Superintendent of the State Historical Society he gave every assistance possible to the establishment of local and county historical societies, encouraged the study of their own immediate localities, and the recording of the personal histories of their own first settlers and community builders. Wherever two or three gathered together in the name of local history he went, and in those early local societies there can still be traced the contagion of his own enthusiasm and the persuasive charm that was his special gift. This belief in local communities as THE VERY SOURCE AND INSPIRATION OF OUR [AMERICAN] SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IDEALS became his fundamental philosophy worked out in every avenue wherever there was interest, whenever there were funds. Sometimes it was with the coöperation of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs, sometimes through the schools and public libraries.

With his intense enthusiasm and rare gift of speech he became the symbol and spokesman of local and State history and his counsel and practical assistance were much in demand. It was a day before the automobile had simplified cross country travel in Iowa. As a physical feat the part he played during those arduous years of organization was impressive. But with all their demands and insistent labor, they were happy years of achievement for the Apostle of Local History — years relieved by entertaining incidents and highlighted by his own sustaining sense of humor.

When Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver invited him to participate in one of those early meetings, Blashfield's painting "Westward" was new in the Iowa Capitol. In his address

Dr. Shambaugh described it as a symbolical presentation of the Pioneers led by the spirits of Civilization and Enlightenment to the conquest by cultivation of the Great West. He had closed his address with a high spiritual note as he referred again to the symbolical figures before the "Prairie Schooner". After the meeting an old settler came to the platform and said, "That was a fine speech, but I want to tell you, young man, I lived through them prairie schooner days and there wa'n't no angels afloatin' in front of me!" Curious as to the old man's attitude, Dr. Shambaugh inquired about him. "Yes," commented Senator Dolliver, "I've known him a long time and I'm sure he is right — he never saw the angels in front of him. But happily for our Iowa many of our first settlers did."

Professor Shambaugh's affectionate regard for Iowa was often the subject of comment among his political science friends. Said one of them on an Iowa visit, "Shambaugh, you are almost as lovable a provincial in your affection for your hallowed Commonwealth as our friend Professor X of Virginia."

"Well, what's wrong with Professor X?" asked Professor Shambaugh with a smile.

"Not a thing," replied the visitor, "of course you are both right, but somehow we expect it of Virginia, but not of Iowa."

"Why not?" countered Professor Shambaugh.

"That's the answer," said the visitor seriously, "why not?"

Even those who saw Professor Shambaugh seldom and at long intervals were conscious of this deep sentiment for his

Commonwealth. One of America's great editors who had twice been a University lecture guest wrote after his last visit: "You have taught me as you have taught so many others what a lovely State Iowa is."

Something of Dr. Shambaugh's persuasive enthusiasm is revealed in a story told by a leading political scientist of the Midwest, who chanced to be in Des Moines when the young Superintendent presented the askings of the State Historical Society before a legislative sub-committee. "Was he successful?" asked a second political scientist who was present. "Oh yes," replied the first, "The sub-committee gave him everything he asked, but they wouldn't allow him to appear before the whole committee for fear they would double the amount!"

A member of the Senate, who assumed the responsibility for guiding the appropriation for the State Historical Society through the legislature, reported that, while Professor Shambaugh was vigorous in presenting the interests and the needs of the Society, not once in his many weeks of conferences did he voice a criticism of its opponents at home or in the legislature. His methods were constructive always — never destructive.

Clear in his own thinking, he was never dogmatic. For the positive statement he had the amused, tolerant, cryptic expression, "Shades of Bismarck" — Bismarck being credited with saying that he wished he could be as sure of anything as one of his cabinet members was of everything.

Perhaps Dr. Shambaugh's greatest strength lay in the conviction that the big things in life are too important to be influenced by personal feeling. In his intensity of appli-

cation, he shut out many of the irrelevancies that clutter up so many lives. He was wholly without revenge and harbored no animosities. When injured he was hurt more by the thought of unworthy motives that dominate men's actions than by the personal injury. Time after time through his busy years when the opportunity for a return in kind presented itself, an injury of an earlier day was answered by an act unmistakably fine and forgiving. It was as if the earlier incident had never been.

But for human malice in any form he had a scorching contempt. "Whisperings, which", in the words of William Lyon Phelps, "are characteristic of every University community as they are of every military post"; the cruel jibes of the envious; snobbery, intellectual or social; misrepresentation and dishonesty, institutional, professional, or personal, in overalls or evening dress; vices designed to inflict spiritual hurts — with these he could (and sometimes did) fight the good fight. Said a former University official, *he had the finest spiritual courage I have ever known.*

In the passing of Doctor Shambaugh our State has suffered an irreparable loss. His devotion in the many things he did to preserve the history of Iowa will be appreciated much more in generations to come than they are today. It is unfortunate that we do not have more men of his ability, energy, and devotion to our State.

There stands to his credit a long list of writings on the early history of Iowa, both as a Territory and as a State, involving much original research, marked always by thor-

oughness, discrimination, balance, and a fine sense of human values which must underlie all history.

"The Old Stone Capitol Remembers" is a notable addition to our Iowa literature, and our citizens are greatly indebted to Dr. Shambaugh for this scholarly and distinctive piece of work.

Dr. Shambaugh was a man of extraordinary personality and ability. For half a century he made a unique contribution to the State of Iowa. He was in fact Iowa's Great Historian.

The sudden death of Professor Shambaugh is a severe blow to Iowa. The State has lost one of its ablest citizens — and a rare gentleman and scholar.

The place of the distinguished Professor can never be filled. He was one of the most important men in Iowa.

The State of Iowa has lost one of its finest, noblest men.

Dr. Shambaugh's life was motivated by the rare virtues of love, justice and tolerance. He was above all pettiness in human relations. I consider it a distinct privilege to have worked under him even for a short time.

His own personal integrity in dealing with men and measures was an amazing thing to witness and will be one of our finest memories.

Nothing can mar the strength and beauty of such a personality as his. He will continue to live as a University ideal.

Not in my generation has any one in Iowa received such unqualified praise and admiration, or been so universally mourned.

Professor Shambaugh more than any other man has made the record of Iowa's past available for all the tomorrows.

Year after year Professor Shambaugh will still live among us, the future revealing in renewed splendor his gifts of faith and loyalty to his University and his town.

I have never known the universal sorrow now expressed in the University and City.

Iowa Citians knew and loved Professor Shambaugh. All knew too, that he remained an Iowa Citian by choice through the years, turning away several opportunities in other places to remain in Iowa to carry on his tasks. One of his published books, "The Old Stone Capitol Remembers", issued at the time of Iowa City's centennial observance, always will stand to Iowa Citians as a symbol of his devotion to his community.

We marveled at how the author of "The Old Stone Capitol Remembers" with all his other activities could find

time and energy to gather the material and weave it into such a fine book.

Professor Shambaugh's passing has struck a sharp blow to a wide circle of friends, acquaintances and beneficiaries. The University will never seem the same again. What he has done for State history will be more and more recognized as years go by. He will be remembered as one of Iowa's most distinguished sons.

Wider Horizons

How grateful we are that he was spared long enough to do a lasting work and to earn the tribute we heard over the radio: "One of the most illustrious men the University has known — known for his work not only in Iowa and the nation but in regions beyond."

Wider Horizons

NATURALLY the activities of so vivid and vital a personality broadened out beyond the rivers of Iowa's borders. There were many meetings and conferences among the younger historians of the Mississippi Valley interested in the contribution of the western pioneers to American political ideals; and a growing feeling, too, of the need for a new organization to foster a greater appreciation of the spirit of the West than was manifest among the older historians and their organizations. This desire to emphasize local history gave birth to the Mississippi Valley Historical Association of which Dr. Shambaugh was a charter member, a one-time president, and always a dominating influence.

Wherever the new approach was accepted he was called upon for leadership. In response to such demands he gave so generously and effectively of his ability, knowledge, and experience that Midwestern historians counted on his presence to assure the success of such meetings. Sometimes the call was to assist in promoting a State or regional organization, sometimes it was to grace an anniversary occasion. He was a member of the History Committee at the Chicago Exposition and a member of the Committee of Awards at the St. Louis Exposition. At the Lewis and Clark Exposition he read a paper and helped to promote the interests of an historical conference.

Upon the request of Judge Horace E. Deemer of the Iowa Supreme Court he organized the Department of Archives in Des Moines and in preparation for the task he made a strenuous three weeks' survey trip of Archives and Public Document Departments all the way from Canada to the State of Mississippi. When the organization job was finished, it was pronounced one of the best of its kind.

By this time Dr. Shambaugh had gained national prominence in both political science and State history, and was recognized as an outstanding administrator. He was offered many positions ranging from the presidency of State universities to heads of departments of political science and the position of State historian. He refused them all in spite of greater financial rewards. His attitude was always that if he had any ability or talent that was desirable it belonged to Iowa. It was through this type of State loyalty and devotion, as has been pointed out, that he came to be more than an individual; he was an Iowa institution.

With his pioneer crusading spirit, his seemingly inexhaustible energy, and his unusual capacity for organization and administration, the influence of Professor Shambaugh in the field of political science, as in State and local history, broadened out beyond regional interests.

He was one of the founding members of the American Political Science Association and much of his dynamic personality went into its organization and the shaping of its policies. With Albert Shaw, a former Iowan and editor of the *American Review of Reviews*, W. W. Willoughby of Johns Hopkins University, and Albert Bushnell Hart of

Harvard, he served on the committee that launched the *American Political Science Review*, now in its thirty-fifth volume, and he served for many years on its board of editors. He was a member of the executive council, chairman of the committee on publications, and a member of the Association's committee on policy. In 1930 he received the Association's highest honor — the presidency. It was at that time, also, under his creative direction, that the Iowa Commonwealth Conference in which American political scientists very generally participated, reached the peak of national prominence.

Many Iowa students and alumni will read with mild surprise the obituary references to Professor Shambaugh's national prominence as a scholar, historian, and authority on political science. They always assumed that he was a big man — he looked the part — and they might have known he was an outstanding figure in a sphere much larger than the Iowa campus, if they'd ever stopped to think of it.

Both the Association and the Science for which it stands were powerfully advanced by the labors of Dr. Shambaugh during his lifetime, labors which will be recalled often and gratefully throughout the years to come.

Professor Shambaugh was one of the finest types of scholars our American Universities have produced and — much more than that — a man of great personal charm and general all-round ability.

He has always been such a pillar of strength in our profession that we are more bereaved than we can say.

He was a scholar, gentleman, good citizen and friend — unique, original and constructive, who enriched the University, the community, the State and the Nation.

The State will miss him, the University will miss him, the whole United States in educational circles will miss him. No one can ever take his place.

He was one of the most prominent men both east and west of the Mississippi.

Prof. Shambaugh numbered among his friends and most intimate acquaintances some of the world's most eminent personalities. He was the friend too of every student and associate who came within the circle of his daily contacts.

Not one of my college mates has succeeded quite as well in intellectual attainments as Benjamin. He is honored everywhere. He made a great name for himself in his profession. We were proud of him. But we liked to remember that with all his honors he kept his complete honesty, his courage for great purposes, and his friendliness. He was just the same fine Ben we knew in 1888.

The Iowa Prophet

In the overwhelming expression of the esteem in which Dr. Shambaugh was held we have the testimony that he did not live and labor in vain. In Iowa he will live as a symbol of State pride and loyalty, and his work will go marching on.

DOCUMENTARY and monographic studies came first in the young Superintendent's plan for the reorganized State Historical Society of Iowa and in the development of his pattern for the study of Commonwealth history. They were pronounced good and became models for other historical societies. But he was not satisfied. His own words reveal his yearning to share with *his own people* the rich findings of these scientific researches: IF WE, AS SCIENTIFIC HISTORIANS, CANNOT TRANSLATE OUR FINDINGS INTO A LITERATURE THAT IS INTERPRETIVE, READABLE, AND ENJOYABLE — A LITERATURE THAT TOUCHES THE TRADITIONS AND THE AFFECTIONS OF THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE, WE HAVE MISSED OUR GREATEST OPPORTUNITY. WE CAN IF WE KNOW ENOUGH. Gradually, upon the foundations of the earlier scientific publications, was built a Literature of Iowa History IN A FORM THAT IS ATTRACTIVE AND A STYLE THAT IS POPULAR IN THE BEST SENSE — TO THE END THAT THE STORY OF OUR COMMONWEALTH MAY BE MORE WIDELY READ AND CHERISHED. In the word *cherished* one reads the spirit of devotion that went into that first popularization of the State's history. To *know* the State, he doubted not, was to *love* it. And so there came in later years *Ioway to Iowa* by Irving B. Richman, the stories of some of Iowa's religious and cultural groups, and the *Palimpsest*, the first popular monthly magazine of history in the

United States, now in its twenty-second volume. All these works were produced without loss of dignity or historical accuracy, in spite of much head-shaking on the part of traditional students of history.

Out of this belief that the historian, if he knew enough, could translate his findings into a literature that touches the traditions and the affections of the people came another dream — the dream of writing with imagination the romantic stories of the Mississippi Valley. *The Man with the Iron Hand*, written by John C. Parish as the first of a series of True Tales of the Great Valley, edited by Dr. Shambaugh and published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, was one of *the jewels of reality* that came from this vision. John Parish, whose own pen was laid aside two years before his Chief's, was the first Doctor of Philosophy in the Department of Political Science, and the first trained assistant in the State Historical Society. In him Dr. Shambaugh vested his hope as one who would carry on. But circumstances took the beloved disciple to the West. Then came the World War, increasing responsibilities, and crowded years. While the popularization of Iowa history went on, *The Man with the Iron Hand* had no successor.

Perhaps nothing expresses more beautifully or more vividly the basic philosophy of Dr. Shambaugh supporting the architecture of his program for the popularization of the research students' findings than his introduction to the first, and the last, of the True Tales of the Great Valley:

LET US PICTURE IN IMAGINATION THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI AS A SPLENDID DRAMA

ENACTED UPON A GIANT STAGE WHICH REACHES FROM THE ALLEGHANIES TO THE ROCKIES AND FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE GULF OF MEXICO AND THROUGH WHICH THE FATHER OF WATERS SWEEPS MAJESTICALLY. LET US PEOPLE THIS STAGE WITH REAL MEN AND WOMEN — PICTURESQUE RED MEN AND NO LESS INTERESTING WHITE MEN, INDIANS, SPANIARDS, FRENCHMEN, ENGLISHMEN, EXPLORERS, WARRIORS, PRIESTS, VOYAGEURS, COUREURS DE BOIS, FUR TRADERS, AND SETTLERS. LET THE SCENES BE SET ABOUT THE LAKES, ALONG THE RIVERS, AMONG THE HILLS, ON THE PLAINS, AND IN THE FORESTS. THEN, VIEWING THIS PAGEANT OF THE PAST, LET US WRITE THE TRUE TALES OF THE GREAT VALLEY AS WE WRITE ROMANCE — WITH LIFE, ACTION, AND COLOR — THAT THE HISTORY OF OUR GREAT VALLEY MAY LIVE.

It has often been said of Dr. Shambaugh that no one so thoroughly understood the affections and traditions of the Commonwealth of Iowa as he. That was quite as important to him as historical data. It was not enough to learn the facts of history — one must catch and hold its spirit. He had faith in people. He thought of history and government in terms of people. He believed in that composite of the hopes and aspirations, the pride and loyalty of a people which we call Commonwealth spirit. It was something to foster and cherish.

In his crusading belief that the State is a vital thing to work for there was a note of the patriotic fervor of an earlier day. No force is as irresistible as the contagion of a radiant spirit. It has been said of him many times in recent years that he did more to develop a Commonwealth

consciousness than any man in the State. A newspaper story reflects the general understanding of this rôle. "He's the herald of Iowa's Renaissance that began in 1900 when this mighty corn State started emerging from Ioway to Iowa. The miracle took place under the guiding hand of the Iowa Historical Society. And today the remarkable place held by that society in the front ranks of its kind in the world is largely due to the indefatigable labors of Dr. Shambaugh, first as research worker, then as curator and finally as superintendent. First the society dug around for all the facts concerning Iowa history. Then it preserved them. Finally it disseminated them throughout the State in the form of interesting and readable art rather than a technical and scientific monograph."

Of *Ioway to Iowa*, one of the pioneering translations of the research students' findings into a Literature of Iowa History, the writer adds, "It was scholarly, not highbrow. It was interpretation, not fact. It was poetry, not words. And it sang along like the wind of the prairies . . . And we're moved to believe that his dream has been answered and his hope realized."

Professor Shambaugh was born and educated in Iowa. Loyalty to the State, its traditions and pioneer heritage characterized his career both in the University and in the State Historical Society. He had many flattering offers from other States, but he was unwilling to leave unfinished the work he had set his hand to do in Iowa. This was a most fortunate thing for the State. No State can profit greatly from having its education service rendered by itin-

erant and transient servants. It is therefore an item of no little moment to the State of Iowa when it pauses to express its gratitude for the benefit of more than forty years of such service as that which was given by Professor Shambaugh.

Dr. Shambaugh will be remembered as one of the greatest of Iowa's native sons.

His loss is more than an Iowa loss. There are few such men as he in any generation, and his memory will be treasured as long as there is anybody left who preserves a sense of historical continuity in our country.

His visions were many. They grew slowly and wisely, for they came out of a knowledge of the people and of the needs of society.

Insofar as I am able I shall carry out the ideals and the plans of The Chief. The Historical Society has meant a great deal to me, and I hope that I can give back some of the good which it has unstintedly poured out to me.

He carved his name in the history of Iowa and the University.

We who have known him through these many years of his activities and honors feel a distinct personal loss and grief in his death. And what a loss to the University and to the State of Iowa.

He combined — and rare this is — the specialist and the democrat. He related, through his life and work, the service that lies in uncovering knowledge, and the use that must flow from it.

No one could have been more devoted to the interest of the University and of the Commonwealth, and it must be a great comfort to remember the affection with which he was regarded and the reverence in which his memory is held. I am happy to be returning to his University and to his Commonwealth.

The Mentor of Scholars

To a very unusual degree he was a man of visions and, coupled with this ability to look into the future and see the possibilities of the undertaking while still in its infancy, was the habit of persevering with unbounded enthusiasm and indefatigable work in the bringing of these visions to fulfillment.

The Mentor of Scholars

THE professional career of Professor Shambaugh was unique. It was not a matter of chance. It had been previsioned by him, planned and directed and carried forward to reality. It brought a three-fold recognition and honor to his State — in the two separate fields in which he labored, and in a public service without precedent that resulted from the combination of the two.

Such an achievement — such a realization of an early hope — was made possible only by Professor Shambaugh's unusual capacity for organization and administration and by a persistent and sustained enthusiasm for his work. Each new undertaking was a vital experience. And out of his faith and belief in the Iowa people as expressive of American ideas and ideals there evolved under his skillful craftsmanship what was later called the Shambaugh Pattern for the study of Commonwealth history — widely copied in some of its phases through the years but not equaled in scope or completeness.

It was a simple pattern, logical and workable, but unique in that early day of historical societies because it included plans carefully worked out long in advance; plans for various series of publications covering different phases of Iowa history and government in well-rounded fashion; plans that will guide the researches of the State Historical Society for many years to come; plans in which the human

personality of Benjamin Shambaugh, *a living reality, will still affect our Iowa.* Probably the dominant characteristic of his work, both in the field of political science and in the State Historical Society, was his ability to foresee tendencies and to make practical application of scientific knowledge and research.

There was something old-fashioned about his personal integrity, his respect for the pledged word, his intense loyalty and patriotism, his emphasis upon the spiritual, and his sense of responsibility and obligation in every task. He was a liberal, too, of the sort it now pleases us to call old-fashioned. And with it all, his constructive and far-seeing imagination made him a notable progressive in his field. A president of the University once said of him that in the academic world he was usually several years ahead of his colleagues and constantly waiting for them to catch up.

He had the rare ability to separate his institutional from his personal interests, and he was always willing to sacrifice a temporary gain for the preservation of the integrity of larger plans and ideals. Never (and sometimes the pressure created a crisis) did he allow politics to enter into the Department of Political Science or the State Historical Society, nor did he ever permit any one to discuss the work or the interests of the institutions that he represented in terms of his own personal fortune.

In the field of political science he was an optimist, an idealist, and a liberal. With his own staff he was tolerant, sympathetic, and loyal. He was not always in agreement with them, but with his ingrained respect for personality he would protect and defend his staff in any action he felt

was based on honest conviction. And he bore the brunt of every struggle with administrative authorities or special interests that arose from such action. "After all, the responsibility is mine", was his only comment. In this freedom granted his instructional staff lay his truly great service in affording his men the best of opportunities to develop their own capacities.

With his basic belief that the problems of the Commonwealth are University problems and that one of the functions of Political Science in a State University is a study of its own State government, Professor Shambaugh liked to train his own staff — and did perhaps to a greater extent than any department in the University. This brought the criticism of "inbreeding" from some of his colleagues — a criticism that brought a smile to those who remembered that Professor Shambaugh himself was the most thoroughly Iowa product on the University campus — and one of its real cosmopolitans.

Back of this desire to train his own men was the spiritual certainty that those who understood the Commonwealth best could best serve it. This theory was worked out experimentally and gradually. It not only produced a sense of responsibility for public service and a spirit of coöperation that made his department unique in the University, but these standards were carried by Iowa trained men into more than half of the States in the Union. The reputation of Iowa University as a school for political scientists is respected throughout the United States.

The laboratory training of these young assistants under Professor Shambaugh's personal supervision and friendly

criticism was as well-rounded and as thoroughly scientific as his every undertaking. Into it went the benefit of all his own experience and knowledge and ability.

In the field of Iowa history Professor Shambaugh was as scientific as in the field of government, and he brought to it a rare type of affectionate regard reminiscent of an earlier day and generation. Through forty years of scientific research in the field of State history and in the insistent grinding labor of administrative duties Professor Shambaugh never lost his deep, almost romantic sentiment for the Commonwealth and for the men who made it.

One unique institution within the State Historical Society came to be known as the Iowa School of Research Historians. Dr. Shambaugh in developing men for historical research hit upon the plan of inviting the younger members of the teaching staffs of the smaller Iowa colleges to spend their summer vacations in research work under the auspices of the State Historical Society. "Original research" were magic words in the University forty years ago — stimulating words to the group of young historians and students of government who accepted the Historical Society's invitation. Here under the guidance of the resourceful and dynamic young Superintendent much excellent work was accomplished.

Sometimes it was necessary to make frequent trips back to Iowa City and the Historical Society to finish a particular piece of work, but these Research Historians had caught the contagion of the Superintendent's radiant spirit and found in these Iowa projects a new challenge and full scope for their abilities. Some of them returned to the

University for advanced degrees, a few became members of the University's instructional staff, others with their special training found better positions in larger institutions. All benefited immeasurably by the unique experiment. And the State Historical Society, too, made great strides forward. Another hope of the Superintendent had been translated into a constructive reality.

Nothing exemplifies more specifically Dr. Shambaugh's ability to separate his institutional responsibility from his own personal inclination than his attitude toward money. As Superintendent of the State Historical Society he not only knew what the Society *could* spend and how its money *was* spent, but he had an almost uncanny way of knowing how the Society's funds stood at any time. How he made the estimate was a constant source of amazement to his financial assistant. No doubt this almost psychic gift had its origin in his deep and abiding sense of obligation to the State. It was said of him by a State auditor that he could make a dollar of State money go farther than any man he had come across.

In his own personal affairs he was never negligent, but beyond a careful thought for retirement and old age which were never to be his, he had little regard for money. He was inclined to agree with an English novelist who had been a University lecture guest, "Even now I doubt if wealth can buy anything better than a little extra privacy and quietness."

"May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as a temperate man and he

only can bear and carry." This from the prayer of Socrates was an oft repeated theme in Professor Shambaugh's Campus Course lectures. It was his own soul's emphasis.

Probably no man in the forty-four years that span his service ever returned to the State and University a larger share of his own legitimate compensation in the effort to reach his major goal of the best that could be done. Whether for essential equipment or the salary of an assistant for which there were no funds, he often supplied the money himself. It was not until an understanding chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the Iowa Senate insisted that "the State would feel better to pay its historian," that he accepted a modest salary for his developing program in Iowa history. From the time the State Historical Society received its drastic reduction in support during the depression to that evening late in March, 1940, when he laid aside his plans for a Centennial History, at his request and insistence every suggestion to increase his own compensation was used to restore partially the meager salaries of his staff.

For the preservation of the integrity of larger plans and ideals he was always willing to make a personal sacrifice. He knew it was the price of achievement and accepted it. Always the reward for a thing well done was in having done it. Like so much of his institutional service, such sacrifices were taken for granted, as part of his administrative responsibility. He never regretted them.

He was one of the most uplifting and strengthening influences in my life. He did not labor in vain. The Uni-

versity is a better place for his having lived — a hallowed place for us in whose hearts and memories he will be enshrined. His fine influence and his inspiring example will abide with us.

Few persons have meant so much to me as did Dr. Shambaugh, kind as he always was in his dealings with me, encouraging when encouragement was needed, wise and helpful in his counsels. I shall never forget that through him I have been enabled to fulfill some of my most cherished ambitions.

What Macbride and Shambaugh have started and firmly established is everlasting, if human work or efforts can be designated as such. The foundation they laid was strong — and this foundation was the poise which characterized all their work. Both had a poetic outlook on life and both wrote poetic prose in their happier moments. They were always present, there was no danger of their moving to other places, and the young people always knew where they could be found.

I found the distinguished Professor Shambaugh to be an artist and a philosopher as well as a student of government. He proved to be one of the noblest humanitarians and the most democratic (as we like the term) of men. What more should a man be? Did not the old Greek philosophers advocate the association of art and philosophy with politics?

His capacity to inspire interest in the whole realm of

knowledge and his challenge to conventional teaching produced a breath of inquiry and a lasting intellectual curiosity in all who met him.

Were it not for Benj. F. Shambaugh I should probably be a misplaced and unhappy person today. To him I owe a debt never capable of being repaid.

Through the intervening years his inflence has always been present. How often I find myself saying, "What would Dr. Shambaugh do in this situation?"

Professor Shambaugh taught countless pupils to understand Iowa and its history. He fashioned many able scholars. And his influence was not restricted to Iowa.

Few teachers have had as much influence as he on students as well as on all who came in contact with him. He was not only a teacher of political science but a maker of political science teachers.

I want to pay tribute to Dr. Shambaugh's unique service to scholarship throughout the State.

Professor Shambaugh was a man of intense loyalty: as a scholar, loyalty to high accuracy and sound interpretations; as a professor, loyalty to the University of Iowa and its high purpose; as a proponent, loyalty to any cause he espoused; as a defender, loyalty to the rights of anyone within the domain of his responsibility.

He will live in the minds and hearts of thousands who have known his inspiring guidance.

I am sorry that not more young men were given the opportunity which I had of learning of his friendship first hand while serving as his graduate assistant. His counsel must be credited with whatever success I am fortunate enough to achieve in my profession. If I fail it will be only because I have not followed the product of his experience and wisdom.

For a quarter of a century I have valued the counsel and friendship of Dr. Shambaugh. He encouraged me in my research work. He was always a stimulating teacher.

He gave order and guidance to my thinking and helped me to find myself at a critical period in my life. No words can express my sense of indebtedness, nor my sorrow.

His graciousness to students impressed me so deeply that I have never forgotten it, but have set it rather as a goal to strive for.

The sorrow of those who knew Dr. Shambaugh must be tempered with gratefulness for having known this man of sterling courage and ideals.

Professor Shambaugh was a truly great scholar — and a gentleman. There is no human way of estimating his influence in the University and in the State.

The memory of his inspiring guidance will be an abiding benediction.

By precept and example he taught self-discipline which, to me, means the art of living. When a man learns that, let come what may, he is prepared to face life and face it nobly.

He built up a unique monument that will stand forever.

When, along with thousands of others, I heard of the passing of Benjamin Shambaugh, it seemed to me that a god had gone home. But I return to the campus to find that he is still on the faculty and that his traditions are going on.

The Editor

Professor Shambaugh more than any other man has made the record of Iowa's past available for all the tomorrows.

The Editor

PERHAPS it was as editor that the interplay of Dr. Shambaugh's wide range of talents was the most surprising to those who watched him in action. Here he was artist and man of vision, the patient, painstaking scientist, the meticulous and loving craftsman, and the thoroughly practical workman. He had the gift of seeing a book before it was in type and in covers. What he could do to a seemingly hopeless manuscript to bring it into creditable form without changing its meaning or its spirit was a constant source of marvel.

With his unusual power of concentration he would read the manuscript through for a complete mental picture. In that reading he would note its best points and its weakest. He would rearrange the material, break it up into shorter chapters with better titles (for which he had a special genius). He would lift a paragraph and place it better — he might even take the last paragraph where the author had summed up his thesis and make of it a good beginning. He would pick up a phrase as carefully as a chessman would his pawn and place it in a more advantageous position. He would cut out an unnecessary sentence here and there, suggest a better word now and then, and send the author back to the original sources again and again for verification. Often in that first revision there was more red ink than black. Over and over the revisions

were made before the exacting editor was willing to release the manuscript. And when it was finished the author was happy and a little surprised at his own excellence.

Accuracy, accuracy, accuracy! Verify, verify, verify! These were the admonitions and the precepts through the years. He himself would spend days tracing down an elusive reference. When, in spite of admonition and vigilance, a too-sure young writer was responsible for an error, the editor grieved more than the writer.

It was Commencement time on one such occasion and the erring one said in apology, "I thought I knew that as well as the president does his ritual!" To which the editor replied, "And a wise president does not repeat his ritual without a copy in his hand."

On another occasion an omission of a point with important implications was noted after a current survey was in type. "Did you never come across such a reference?" asked the editor. "Well, yes, I did," admitted the novice, "only once in a short newspaper paragraph. I didn't think it worth following up." To this the editor replied with the question, "Did you ever visit a gold mine where they find it profitable to work over ore with only a trace of precious metal for a yield of six dollars to the ton?"

After reading what he regarded as an especially fine publication of the State Historical Society, a University official said to him, "I went through that book and tried mentally to take out of it all there was of Shambaugh to see what I would have left." To which Dr. Shambaugh replied with his merry laugh, "But you see, my job was to get into that book — not to keep out of it!" When Amer-

ican historians were able to say, "Your publications stand among the first for their orderly plan and execution," he was repaid. And when later they were able to add, "You have attained a new level of artistic as well as literary and historical excellence", one more dream had been answered, one more hope had been realized.

In the days of beginnings, Dr. Shambaugh had learned much of the mortality of historical documents because of cheap paper and inadequate binding. Along with his dream of a Literature of Iowa History went the plan for good books that would stand the test of time — attractive books that would invite preservation. To that end Dr. Shambaugh became an expert in book paper, book type, and book binding. He spent hours in the print shop experimenting with title pages and folio lines; hours in looking for the appropriate type faces, harmonious numerals, and artistic ornaments; hours at his desk correcting proof and estimating pages in galley; hours in endless attention to details that went into the making of good books — books that were later called "a visible testimonial of the pride of Iowans in their history".

There is something typically Iowan in the make-up of these books — creditably good and substantial but without ostentation. With an occasional loving touch representing a personal contribution and effort rather than money — but always in keeping with the spirit of the Commonwealth — he made the publications of the State Historical Society distinctively excellent in the eyes of master printers and binders.

Never in all his many years did he lose the thrill of hold-

ing in his hands the first copy of a finished book when it arrived from the binders, of whiffing the odor of its new print and paper, or the joy of adding it to the rows and rows of Historical Society publications that were building up his Literature of Iowa History. "Once every book on those shelves was only a dream," he pointed out to a visitor. That was true — the dream of a practical idealist, prodigal of time and effort and energy, with the transcendent capacity for taking pains and the clarity of vision *that converted what appeared to be inaccessible hopes into jewels of reality.*

For over thirty years I had looked at him as my ideal in State historical work, and had admired his scholarship, his editorial ability, and his personality.

I know that he made a great contribution to constitutional and political history and that his collection and arrangement of historical data were perfect, but his real significance for the future generations of University of Iowa people surely was his strong and stirring personality which stands as a symbol of the historic continuation of the very straight course of academic learning.

It was my privilege to meet Dr. Shambaugh but once when in Iowa City with regard to some research. His uniform courtesy, his deep scholarship, his sincere desire for the truth, impressed one. I consider it a privilege to be even remotely connected with him through the State Historical Society of Iowa.

With the many others, I have an aching heart to feel that we have lost the close communion with his spirit, yet also feel a solemn pride in him who did his work so truly, nobly and unselfishly, and to treasure the memory of having had some part with him in association revealing the vision that he had of service, character, and the truth of history.

No other man on the Iowa campus would be missed so much or by so many people. We in the State Historical Society will often long for the guiding hand and the vision of the man who made the Society what it became.

His instinct for investigation, his persistent quest of truth, and his insistence upon accuracy were a constant inspiration.

From the depths of my heart I can say that I owe more to him than to any other man who has come into my life. I am truly thankful that I know it.

To do less than our best would constitute a breach of faith with him.

The memorial which will stand forever in the eyes of men is a composite of the scores of volumes which he wrote and edited for the State Historical Society, of which he seemed the complete personification. But in the hearts of men he will live as the great teacher, the good friend, and the gentle counsellor.

The classical face of Dr. Shambaugh looked into my tired soul this morning from the editorial page of the "Register" and somehow gave strength and courage and the will to live on though the way will be harder and lonelier year after year. Iowa had no finer citizen. His memory will live on and we will honor him always for his fine liberal generous service to mankind.

Father of the Commonwealth Conference

Dr. Shambaugh will be remembered as one of the greatest of Iowa's native sons. He did more to develop a Commonwealth Consciousness than any man in the history of the State. He exemplified throughout his splendid service that it is men and not money that build up institutions. He can never be replaced.

Father of the Commonwealth Conference

It was a late flowering of his basic philosophy of service to the Commonwealth that led Professor Shambaugh to build up under the auspices of the University the institution known as the Iowa Commonwealth Conference for the discussion of problems of State and local government. In its beginnings it was "one of Shambaugh's dreams". Some Iowans called it in its infancy "Shambaugh's Baby" because of the unmistakable parental devotion that went into its promotion. "For the State that can produce a Shambaugh I have a great respect," exclaimed one of the foremost of America's political scientists during a discussion of the Iowa origin of the Commonwealth Conference.

Three things Professor Shambaugh never lost in spite of obstacles that would have swerved from his course a man of lesser faith as he neared the three-score and ten milestone — a youthful and enthusiastic spirit, the high conviction that life should have aim and purpose, and the old-fashioned notion that there is no achievement without effort and without sacrifice. This was the Professor Shambaugh, prodigal of time and effort and energy, who threw himself into what he believed was a new opportunity for service in local government.

There were seven of these Iowa Commonwealth Conferences of which Professor Shambaugh was director and permanent chairman. They attracted nation-wide atten-

tion and won the commendation of editors, statesmen, and scholars. To one of them came a message from the President of the United States. From the beginning the Iowa Commonwealth Conference — and its director — had the coöperation and support of political scientists throughout the country.

The Executive Council of the American Political Science Association and its important committees held summer meetings in Iowa City at the time of the Iowa Commonwealth Conference in which most of its members participated. And many there were among the great in political science who pronounced these summer meetings in Iowa under Professor Shambaugh's direction more stimulating and effective than the long-established and more formal holiday meetings of the Association.

And the Iowa people came from every corner of the State — officials, members of the General Assembly, business and professional men, farmers, club women, citizens from almost every walk of life — to discuss with perfect freedom the problems of State and local government with experts and specialists from east and west and north and south. Perhaps at no time in his active career did his genius as Master of Ceremonies come into finer play than in these conferences in guiding its ofttimes heated debate into safe channels without destroying the force of opposing opinions. It was said of him during one of these conferences that probably no one in America could equal him in his technical skill as presiding officer.

Sometimes in their unfolding these conferences were *almost* the realization of the idealistic chairman's dream

of a Commonwealth forum for the thoughtful discussion of its own problems in conference with experts in the field. Many times the flood of praise that engulfed the University left little doubt as to the enthusiasm they had aroused among laymen as well as experts. There are records of those meetings in programs and printed reports, but only a few ever knew how much of the life blood of Benjamin Shambaugh had gone into them, or how near the point of collapse the following day found that splendid physique and indomitable spirit. Astonishing as was that seemingly inexhaustible reserve of strength and endurance, there was never a time in his building years when his enthusiasm for a cause he deemed worthy would not threaten an overdraft.

Other universities here and there followed the lead of Iowa in organizing conferences along similar lines. But political scientists and public men who participated in Iowa's discussion of problems of State and local government year after year repeatedly declared that the Iowa Commonwealth Conference was not excelled in any part of the country. And many were the regrets expressed both by experts and laymen when their discontinuance was made necessary by lack of funds during the lean years of the great depression.

Back of these Commonwealth Conferences was the basic belief of the young political scientist of an earlier day that A MORE GENEROUS APPRECIATION OF THE WORTH OF OUR COMMONWEALTHS . . . WILL GIVE US A BETTER PERSPECTIVE OF THE LIFE OF THE GREAT NATION OF WHICH WE ARE A PART. The aim of the Iowa Conferences was the same that characterized so much of the work of his

own planning — the discovery of universal principles of government through the study of local and immediate problems.

Probably no member of the instructional staff of the University ever embarked on the academic sea with a program so completely his own, and watched his compass and guided his research craft and crew through uncharted waters more skillfully and with greater fixedness of purpose.

It can be said without serious danger of contradiction that Benjamin Shambaugh has left a greater imprint on the life of the University and the State of Iowa than any member of the instructional staff in the institution's history.

His magnetic presence served to inspire belief in the finest principles and aspirations at all times. His sense of humor always led to balanced thinking and substantial conclusions. Beneath his challenge there lay a great respect for sound convictions and traditions. In each of us there will always live the impetus he gave toward the evolution of the "Good Society".

Dr. Shambaugh's death took from the campus its most popular professor and one of its greatest scholars. The State University of Iowa will never be the same without him. No one can ever take his place. He was an honor to the University and to the State of Iowa. Such men occur rarely.

Such a loss to the University, to the State, and to all whom he influenced is inestimable, but his good works will ever live as a memorial.

We are saddened by the news that Dr. Shambaugh lost his gallant fight. We had hoped he would be spared for many more years of usefulness to the University and the State. He was a big figure in Iowa education.

The University has lost its tower of strength, the State of Iowa its foremost citizen.

He did more to establish a State confidence in the University than any man on the campus.

How fortunate was Dr. Shambaugh that he lived long enough to accomplish so much himself and to enlist others who will not let his work come to an end.

It was a long and useful service he rendered and while, of course, there is a retirement age for us all, I feel that he had not reached his and that his going is exceedingly untimely. What changes have come in the years since he made his beginnings there in Iowa City!

A truly great personality — mourned by thousands of Iowans who are better for his inspiring example.

Dr. Shambaugh did a great work for the State of Iowa and was an inestimable power and influence in the develop-

ment of the University these past forty years. He will live forever as one of Iowa's hallowed traditions.

He will loom in State and University history as a symbol as truly as that historic shrine the Old Stone Capitol. In 1971 Iowa will commemorate his one hundredth anniversary.

Advocate of Liberal Education

They will recall how Professor Shambaugh liked to expound his philosophy of the More Than — his dream of the More Than university, the More Than teacher, the More Than student — his insistence that the bare minimum essentials of anything were not enough. And they will set him down in the book as a More Than college professor, and wish there were more like him. He could ask for no more satisfying appraisal of his forty odd years of service to Iowa and its State University.

Advocate of Liberal Education

At an age when many academic men are thinking in terms of retirement, Professor Shambaugh's keen and alert mind was on a new quest. While a leader in his own field and known to the students of forty years for his liberal classroom views and his freedom from pedantry, he saw the relationship between various branches of organized knowledge too clearly to be an academic specialist. The universality of his interests led to the development of a new approach in liberal and cultural education. His last contribution to the University curriculum, like his first in the nineties, was characteristically on the frontier in the field of education.

From the beginning of his teaching, Professor Shambaugh had used the idea of the evolution of man and his universe as a basis for the study of government. This was a departure from the standardized pattern and met with scepticism from his older colleagues, but the response from the students was immediate, so that his "Introduction to Political Science" became a popular course. The remembrance of that intellectual awakening lingered in the minds of the teachers of a later day. It was at the suggestion of the Dean of the College of Education and with the approval of the President of the University that the idea back of the Introduction to Political Science was expanded into the Campus Course as an experiment.

Here again Professor Shambaugh demonstrated his ability to foresee trends and to make preparations to meet them. He had lived through the materialism and the standardization of the post-war period and had watched colleges and universities follow the trend. Those years brought the high conviction, as a student of government, that if the great ideals of democracy were to retain their creative power it would be through the development of moral and spiritual forces and not through the pyramiding of the factual and the skills in our institutions of higher learning. That fundamental he was wont to point out was as old as what we call civilization — indeed, it had made great civilizations. Too long, he felt, have students of government BEEN CONTENT TO RENDER SERVICE TO THE STATE BY JOURNEYING LABORIOUSLY THROUGH MASSES OF FACTUAL INFORMATION CONCERNING GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION WITHOUT THE GUIDING STARS OF A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. TOO LONG POLITICAL SCIENCE HAS LACKED THE ENTHUSIASM OF SPIRITUAL GOALS.

In an address before the American Political Science Association entitled, "Education: The Supreme Obligation of the State", he said, I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THE PRESENT SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, AND POLITICAL REVOLUTION BRING MORAL AND SPIRITUAL CLARITY INTO THE SUPREME OBLIGATION OF THE STATE TO EDUCATION — PARTICULARLY POLITICAL EDUCATION — WHEREIN A PHILOSOPHY OF THE GOOD LIFE WILL BECOME THE MAJOR GOAL OF A CULTURAL STATE, AND WHEREIN ALL EDUCATION (INCLUDING CIVIC EDUCATION) WILL BE DOMINATED BY THE GRAND PURPOSE

TO CIVILIZE — CIVILIZE ALL MEN FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

And again he said AS EDUCATION AND THE STATE ARE POSSESSED OF THE SAME GOAL, WHICH IS CIVILIZATION, SO THE SCHOOL AND GOVERNMENT ARE UNDER THE SAME OBLIGATION TO HOLD ALOFT THE TORCH OF CULTURE ALONG ROADS THAT LEAD TO THE FULFILLMENT OF THE AMERICAN DREAM.

It was this philosophy that he frankly taught and practiced, and letters by the hundreds bear witness to its effectiveness and moulding influence. That this "More Than" instruction called for "More Than" instructors Professor Shambaugh was willing to admit. He was inclined to agree with Oxford University's three prerequisites for the teaching profession in which character came first, general culture next, and knowledge third.

Something of his thought in this matter is expressed in a goodbye to a departing colleague: UNIVERSITIES NEED SUCH MEN AS YOU — MEN WITH PERSONALITY WHO RESPECT THE PERSONALITIES OF OTHERS; MEN WITH CONVICTION AND WITH COURAGE TO ACT; MEN WHO BRING SCIENCE, ART, AND PHILOSOPHY INTO RELIGION, AND PUT RELIGION INTO SCIENCE, ART, AND PHILOSOPHY; MEN WITH COSMOPOLITAN SYMPATHIES AND WITHOUT PREJUDICE OF RACE; MEN WHO APPRECIATE THAT CHARACTER IS VITAL IN ALL EDUCATION.

The Campus Course as planned by Professor Shambaugh was on the one hand a challenge to the over-specialization on the undergraduate level in college curricula, and on

the other hand a challenge to the student to think — TO THINK WITH FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE; TO THINK STRAIGHT IF POSSIBLE, BUT TO THINK ALWAYS FOR HIMSELF. The Campus Course was a popular title because the perspective of the course was that of the entire campus. Approaches in Liberal and Cultural Education was a better designation for ATTITUDES TO BE ACHIEVED THROUGH MORE THAN ONE DISCIPLINE.

There were six of these "Approaches" as presented by Professor Shambaugh: Scientific, dealing with Facts; Humanistic, with Values; Psychological, with Attitudes; Philosophical, with Wisdom; Religious, with Faiths; and Contemporary, dealing with Problems. The vast and daring scope of the project brought the criticism, "It can't be done." From hundreds of students who caught and held the spirit of the course came the answer, "It is being done!"

Through a year of reading, thinking, and discussion under the inspiring guidance of Professor Shambaugh, out of whose dreams and experience of forty years the course was born, the major emphasis, in his own words, was PLACED UPON THE MEANING OF THINGS RATHER THAN UPON THEIR FACTUAL CONTENT; UPON ATTITUDES OF MIND RATHER THAN UPON DETAILED INFORMATION; UPON CREATIVE THOUGHT RATHER THAN UPON TRADITIONAL CONVENTIONS; UPON SYNTHESIS RATHER THAN UPON ANALYSIS; UPON THINKING RATHER THAN UPON MEMORIZING; UPON HUMAN VALUES RATHER THAN UPON MATERIAL THINGS; UPON THE ART OF LIVING RATHER THAN UPON THE TECHNOLOGY OF MAKING A LIVING.

Happily this new "adventure in thinking" met the con-

structive encouragement of the University administration. Such an experiment, it was pointed out, could be carried out only by a man of clear thinking and indomitable courage whose own academic standing was above reproach. Professor Shambaugh was believed to be that man. "Go to it, Shambaugh", encouraged a high official, "Some of your colleagues in the lag will not know what it is all about — but you won't mind that — and will wait for them to catch up."

Under the banner of Professor Shambaugh's own faith the Campus Course proved its creative powers and brought from both American and European scholars many letters of commendation, encouragement, and often the hope "that through its influence the idea will be carried all over the land." As one of America's clearest and bravest thinkers wrote, "It takes a brave University to keep abreast with contemporary thought. The course on Approaches in Liberal and Cultural Education is an appetizing thing, just the sort of orientation which I believe every student should have who proposes to understand and enjoy life as well as make a living."

Something of the spirit of this new adventure with its emphasis on the mobilization of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual forces in a world of "crashing absolutes" may be gathered from one of the early announcements of the course. OUT OF THE CONFUSION AND UNCERTAINTY OF A WORLD IN TRANSITION, THE HOPE OF MODERNITY ARISES WITH A NEW SENSE OF BEGINNINGS, A NEW SENSE OF CREATION AND EXPERIMENTATION, A NEW SENSE OF PARTICIPATION AND SHARING, A NEW SENSE OF OBLIGATION

AND RESPONSIBILITY, A NEW SENSE OF EXPANSIVENESS AND WORLD CONSCIOUSNESS, A RESTATEMENT OF HUMAN VALUES.

WHAT A CHALLENGE TO THE MODERN UNIVERSITY TO PROVIDE INSPIRATION AND FACILITIES FOR LIBERAL AND CULTURAL EDUCATION! INDEED, TO THE MODERN UNIVERSITY THIS IS THE SUPREME CHALLENGE.

Naturally Professor Shambaugh was pleased with the appreciative comment from his own State of Iowa. "Prof. Benjamin Shambaugh's statement concerning culture and learning is the finest contribution to come from the State University in a long time", read an editorial comment. "The professor thinks it is about time these two arts were recognized more and the maze of extra-curricular activities less. For years he has been at the head of the political science department, a commanding figure whom students recognized as a gentleman, teacher and scholar. When Professor Shambaugh urges the need of greater stress on culture and learning, he knows what he is talking about. He is an excellent personification of both. . . . Any student who has had the privilege to enter one of the professor's classes knows that the atmosphere was charged with culture and learning, and if he didn't take some of it away, it was not because he wasn't thoroughly exposed to it."

Strangely this new approach to liberal and cultural education is more in accord with today's recognition of the driving power of morale and the high spiritual note of appeal amid our "crumbling certainties" than it was with the prevalent attitude in the days when Dr. Shambaugh left the beaten path to meet the head-shaking and sometimes

hostile criticism of the conservative in education on the one hand and the practical on the other. His basic philosophy as a serious student of government is voiced today in the admonition through the nation's press that the preservation of the American Dream depends not on politics, a change in government, leaders or conquerors but upon the character of the American people; depends on "just you and me and all the rest of us ordinary Americans, and how well we can discipline ourselves in our lives and what kind of people we turn out to be."

Under his personal direction a special library-lecture room was equipped for the Campus Course experiment. This room itself exemplified Professor Shambaugh's exceptional ability to "see a house before it is built". He profoundly believed that a suitable environment would add fifty per cent to the effectiveness of his teaching. The President of the University was sympathetic but shook his head. There was no room available. Professor Shambaugh knew full well that classroom space was at a premium. But he did not give up. He never did! One day he walked into the President's office with his face aglow and announced that he had found a room for the Campus Course Library. He called the attention of the incredulous official to a gallery in the auditorium of the Hall of Liberal Arts. If a floor could be carried across on a level with the useless gallery, the two-story auditorium would be cut in two, and a new room created!

Caught by his radiant enthusiasm the President picked up his hat and said, "We will look over the possibilities at once". The University architect was called in and pro-

nounced the dream a wholly practical one — and the library-lecture room for the Campus Course was built. When it was completed as the dreamer had visualized it, and when the President and he looked it over for the first time, the two men looked at each other with misty eyes. "Shambaugh, you found a bit of blue sky", said the President. "This beautiful spot is yours by right of discovery."

Here, in the transformed "bit of blue sky", in AN ATMOSPHERE OF DIGNITY, CULTURE AND ARTISTIC HARMONY, Dr. Shambaugh gave the best he had, and the Approaches in Liberal and Cultural Education flowered. One of its rare blossoms — one that touched Professor Shambaugh deeply — was a letter from a former member of the class dying of tuberculosis on the western coast. At the University he had been a brilliant student and an ambitious one, and he wanted Professor Shambaugh to know that it was in the Campus Course that he had acquired a philosophy and a spiritual strength that enabled him "to face the inevitable calmly and without bitterness."

It was the habit of Professor Shambaugh to close the lectures of each Approach with a brief inspirational message. One that lingers in the minds of his Campus Course students is an appeal "To Youth", here given in part:

LIVE ON THE MOUNTAIN TOPS; SLEEP IN THE VALLEYS.

WELCOME THE WISDOM OF THE AGES AND GIVE EAR TO THE PROPHETS OF ALL NATIONS.

THAT YOU MAY LIVE VICARIOUSLY MANY LIVES IN ONE, DREAM WITH THE DREAMERS; THINK WITH THE THINKERS; PHILOSOPHIZE WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS; EXPERIMENT WITH THE SCIENTISTS; LOVE WITH THE POETS;

PAINT WITH THE ARTISTS; BUILD WITH THE GREEKS; LIVE DRAMA WITH A SHAKESPEARE; MAKE HARMONY WITH A BRAHMS; MARCH WITH A SOUSA; MEDITATE WITH A MARCUS AURELIUS; FAST WITH A GHANDI; DRINK HEMLOCK WITH A SOCRATES; CARRY THE CROSS WITH A CHRIST; BURN AT THE STAKE WITH A BRUNO; AND DANCE WITH DEATH.

AND FINALLY, DO NOT FORGET TO PLAY WITH THE CHILDREN — THEY WILL RENEW YOUR INNOCENCE.

As a definite part of the University curriculum the course was new and experimental but its basic philosophy shines through the life and labors of Professor Shambaugh. It was a University president who said of him during his active years, "I know no man who has done as much for the cultural development of the University as Dr. Shambaugh."

Who can appraise the part Professor Shambaugh played in shaping the intellectual and social life of thousands of Iowa young people? He had done more to give character to the University than any man of his day. He was a University Ideal. We will miss him and the thing for which he stood. The memory of Professor Shambaugh as a truly great scholar — and a gentleman will be an abiding benediction.

He had all that he encouraged us to cultivate — the spirit of adventure, the courage to face new ideas, the art sense of appreciation (how well I remember that phrase), the moral sense of responsibility, the spirit of loyalty, and

the spirit of toleration. When I return to the campus library I shall not think of Dr. Shambaugh's being very far away. He is only in the other room and only a closed door prevents him from entering.

So much of light and joy and genial goodness has gone from this world with him. I treasure the memory of the hours in his Campus Course class the summer of 1938.

Sympathetic appreciation and encouragement, genial kindness, good cheer, never-failing interest, and a rich deep friendliness were his constant gifts to me. And always he was out in front flinging open the doors to opportunity, brushing aside obstacles, in order that I might fulfill my own potentialities.

I cannot forget my first meeting with Dr. Shambaugh. My freshman year would have ended my college career if it had not been for the Campus Course. Through the lectures, and the books I read these new doors opened for me and my bitterness over the indifference and the coldness I had earlier met in the University softened to tolerance. I feel that I will meet him again in the books I read, and not only my generation, but in part, at least, our influence upon those who take our place, will bear the good that Dr. Shambaugh put in our minds and hearts.

Vivid memories are brought back of the Campus Course and the tremendous influence and changes his unique idealistic philosophy and strong personality brought into my

life — and my experience with him was only one of many hundreds of the students who loved and admired him.

Fortunate indeed are those whom fate has permitted to come under the influence of his teaching, for some of those thus favored will retain through life the inspiration of his masterful intellect and charming personality.

It was the greatest of privileges to have been permitted to associate with Dr. Shambaugh and his Campus Course, and it is my hope that I have truly caught his spirit as it is there reflected.

There was something so glorious about him. He rekindled one's flickering faith and made everything seem worth while. Nothing can alter the deep significance of his contribution to the betterment of human living. He will live on as a blessed memory.

Never shall I forget my first day in the Campus Course that summer of 1932 when I had the thrill of recognizing Dr. Shambaugh as the subject of Sidney Dickinson's impressive portrait which hung in the Union Library. I shall always remember those intense eyes and those expressive hands. The last day of that course when Dr. Shambaugh read his "More Than University" as his closing lecture it seemed as though new worlds had been opened to me.

One left this lovely room, simple and effective, so unlike a class room, inspired by the address, and with the melody

of the music running through your mind you had a feeling that there was still something left to live for, even in a world of turmoil.

It seemed like a dream come true when I found myself actually working for Dr. Shambaugh in the Campus Course Library. His frequent visits always with a friendly word, came to be a part of my daily life greatly looked forward to. Even now I find myself listening for the familiar footstep and the cheery voice.

There is a place and need for cultural trails no matter how technical our universities may become, and it was Professor Shambaugh who saw the need, supplied the place.

Professor Shambaugh and the Campus Course were the high lights of my University career.

Iowa has lost a great man, the University a great scholar, but thousands of former students have lost a loyal and helpful friend.

Professor Shambaugh came to be, in some sacred and mysterious way, a part of me, my hopes and aspirations and accomplishments. I attended his classes; he lectured, but more than his lecture was the man, who radiated charm, dignity, profundity of thought, and through those gentle, pellucid eyes, revealed the heart and soul of a mystic. Even a momentary contact with him was refreshing. It cleared up one's mental clouds and showed the way.

He taught yearly a large group of students the meaning of culture and a liberal education. He brought hundreds of young men and women into contact with great books and great authors that they, but for one who knew and understood, might never have known, and a new seed of culture was planted.

His organization of a systematic approach to problems and his famous "queries" made many a sophomore exert himself or herself to go far beyond the readings necessary to pass the course. That combination of thorough and methodical inquiry, coupled with a pervading humor, rendered his Campus Course a high water mark in educational achievement.

The Campus Course was primarily a course in cultural background for the sole purpose of creating within the individual a desire to learn.

Nothing can remove the good enduring contributions with which Dr. Shambaugh has made our lives brighter and our visions wider.

To his teaching he brought the "something more than" of which he loved to speak concerning his own teachers and his earlier colleagues. He was a living proof that there are values which transcend books, and credits, and courses, and which are gained only from contacts with a great soul. His friendship is something which I shall cherish as a rare treasure during my lifetime.

He lifted my thinking to a new and higher plane. My life has been the richer for his teaching. He was the greatest influence in my life. I am deeply in his debt. No words can adequately express my gratitude. And I know that what he has done for me he has done for hundreds of others.

Professor Shambaugh inspired me to form a new philosophy at a time my old beliefs had failed to satisfy me. I shall be ever grateful to him and ever sorry that his influence has been denied others who may need it as badly as I did.

What a marvelous career and what happiness was his and yours. He was one of the great influences in my life and I'm sure he was in the life of hundreds of others. He was one of the most constructive forces in the University and in his State. I know that his spirit will go marching on through the years to come.

His inspiration and his intellectual leadership I shall never forget. The hours of joy spent in listening to his "Campus" lectures will always abide with me. Dr. Shambaugh has given his life so fully and freely to so many students in the University as they have come and gone throughout the years that the University can never lose him. He will always be a part of its thought, its ideals and its finer hope for the future. Our own gratitude is genuine and great.

In Privacy and Quietness

In the classroom Dr. Shambaugh was magnetic and effective, on the lecture platform he was a scintillating genius, in his home he was the personification of graciousness and charm.

In Privacy and Quietness

BENJAMIN Shambaugh had all of the busy man's love for his home. Its "privacy and quietness" were very dear to him. He was sensitive to his surroundings. He watched with pleasure the play of light on the library curtains. He liked the feel of his own rugs beneath his feet, and the welcoming comfort of his favorite chair in its book-lined corner. A sun-lit hollyhock peeping into the window, or the glowing logs in the old brick fireplace he had helped to build in the eager, hopeful days of beginnings never lost their interest or their cheer through the years. He loved things with association about him — things that spoke to him of his boyhood home on the farm, of early Iowa and the men and women who had made it. He loved colorful pictures where the artist had caught the spirit of a region or a personality. He loved the valuable valueless keepsakes that revived memories of significant moments of a rare holiday, or a personal happiness. Beauty brought an ever new appeal. Later it was said of him in tribute, *he was a man who used to notice such things.*

In the year following his return to the University as a member of the instructional staff, Benjamin F. and Bertha M. H. Shambaugh were married. Four years earlier, in 1893, a gift copy of his slender little volume on Iowa City, specially bound in red leather, was presented to B. M. H. with the "Compliments of the Author". Forty-two years

after their marriage *The Old Stone Capitol Remembers* was dedicated

To B. M. H. S.
For a discerning evaluation
of the author's enthusiasms

Between those two inscriptions a commodious house was built at 219 North Clinton Street; together through the years they made a beautiful home of it, furnished materially and intellectually in harmony with their spirit of companionship. There many dreams of a Literature of Iowa History were shared, many hopes for their fulfillment were cherished, many plans worked out together — dreams and hopes and plans that sprang from a sympathetic understanding and a mutual love for the Commonwealth of Iowa.

In his own library at home "privacy and quietness" shut out immediacies and, in the soft glow of his reading lamp, with his books and manuscripts, the eager spirit of Benjamin Shambaugh found inspiration and strength for a new quest. Leisure was for him not empty time, but time "to think and talk, and write and read — lost arts else, all of them". The usual campus vanities had no attraction for him and he had a noble distaste for the cheap and commonplace in current entertainment and diversion. But the greater mental and spiritual joys, actual and thrilling, were his. If it had not been so, there would never have been the Benjamin F. Shambaugh who left to the University *a heri-*

tage as enduring as time, and who gave to the State of Iowa a service *without a parallel in America*. With all his practicalness, definiteness, and precision he was ever the artist. In every completed task there was the unmistakable expression of his joy in the doing, and that is one of the definitions of art.

"There is no substitute for a man's home," he was wont to say in speaking of the responsibility of the University to the fathers and mothers of the State. "We, blessed with homes of our own, should rejoice to be able to make our small contribution to the orientation of these Iowa sons and daughters entrusted to our care." In the hundreds of recorded memories of "219 North Clinton", as it has been affectionately called by the students who frequented it, one can read the story of his own joy in carrying that belief into practice through his *busy, effective worth while life*. With all his social obligations, official and otherwise (he would have found a better word for it), one third of his guests throughout his forty-four years of University service were students.

Some of these student memories reach back to the first classes in American Government held in the Old Stone Capitol in the late nineties: some are as recent as 1940. One from a young graduate came as he was about to sail for voluntary military service in Hawaii. *So many other things impressed themselves on my memory. The arrangement of the room, the books along the wall, the painting of The Chief in the Campus Course Library that hangs over the fireplace opposite the door, and something about the fine art of living. That I value as one of the finest, most*

important contributions I have ever received. There is an art of getting along with people, in living deeply and significantly. That is something that will go on always; and as I received it from you and The Chief, so shall I pass it on where I can in my conversations and my living. Our shadows fall where we can never be. From a colleague of many years ago who had often been a guest came the message: *How wonderful your lives have been and what beauty has come streaming into us from that perfect companionship.*

"Strange things about houses — what they do and say to you," mused a visiting Bostonian. "I feel perfectly at home in yours."

The Shambaugh lawn, conceded to be the most beautiful in Iowa City, was as typical of the man and his tireless, painstaking effort for perfection as his 75,000 pages of Iowa history and his varied campus activities. Inquiries regarding its secret were of daily occurrence. "As near as I can make out it is just grass," replied the student helper to one such inquiry.

"Come, come," protested the unconvinced, "there must be something more than just grass to account for a lawn like this!"

"Well," answered the student, "maybe that something is Dr. Shambaugh."

Benjamin Shambaugh loved his work enthusiastically, and the actual fulfillment of a well ordered plan was an experience that never lost its thrill — whether the plan was one for long reckoning in history and government, or

the development of a lawn, or the training of a bittersweet vine.

"Why should I leave home when I am enjoying myself here?" was his answer-query to the insistence of his long-time friend and physician to "go somewhere — anywhere out of the hearing of the doorbell and the telephone." In time the physician won and Dr. Shambaugh would assure his office staff, as he started off, that he would be gone three weeks — but his staff well knew that he would be back at his desk well within that limit, eager to start on a new quest.

Iowa hospitality is something of a tradition. In this native son with his pioneer background it flowered as a fine art. For forty years his home was called the most hospitable of University homes. His State acquaintance was wide and he knew and was known by more alumni than any other member of the University faculties. For thirty-five years he was the official host for a long procession of University lecture guests. But whether the occasion was in honor of the world's great, his colleagues and associates, a group of students or returning alumni, or the celebration of a child's birthday, all of his genius as Master of Ceremonies came into play at his own table.

He liked table talk and the exchange of divers views on vital issues. "What problems did we not discuss", wrote a distinguished guest. "Though we must have talked nonsense at least half of the time, Dr. Shambaugh's urbane smile kept us from taking ourselves too seriously and from doing any one any harm."

When one of America's great historians reported an Association breakfast at his home as the most perfect social occasion he had ever attended, Dr. Shambaugh with his never failing gift for reversing a compliment replied, "Well, it was *he* who made it so."

We felt the spirit and personality of Professor Shambaugh as soon as we crossed the threshold. There in the front hall was his beaver hat and immaculate gloves lying on his green academic bag in the seat of a chair of historic wood. And near by was his cane rack with its collection of anniversary canes with their silver bands. And there was "The Chief" with his welcoming smile and his special word for each of us in turn — which was nothing short of a ceremony of adoption. From that moment we belonged.

The philosophy that he shared with us was the beautiful and mature thing that is the result of a fully satisfactory and satisfying life. It gave to us the personality that will ever be an inspiration to each and all of his students.

I cannot quite see how we in Iowa can go on without the inspiration of Dr. Shambaugh's leadership — a leadership which always led to one high point, that of the importance of gracious living — something so greatly needed in the world today.

Of Many Talents

I have never met a person of so much natural distinction. Everything with which he was connected assumed rare quality both in content and in form. For a pioneer prairie State the impress of such a spirit is a priceless boon.

Of Many Talents

With his heavy administrative duties (he did not take responsibility lightly) and with the increasing research and publication activities in political science and Iowa history, the versatile and gracious Professor Shambaugh was rated a busy man. But his time was always at the service of those who needed his help, and his many talents and seemingly limitless energy were constantly drawn upon for the immediacies in every phase of the developing life of the University throughout his forty-four years of service.

When students organizing a discussion group felt the need of assistance they sought his advice and counsel. When his colleagues were baffled by a conference problem, it was he who solved it with the right technique. When the Senate Board was in need of audit, or the Athletic Board of reorganization, he was asked to do it. When the problem of affiliated colleges demanded solution and the course of study called for modernization, he was made chairman. When University lectures called for coördination and promotion, he was put in charge. When a special University occasion loomed up for attention, he was made Master of Ceremonies. When the president wanted a ritual that sounded a note of Iowa service and loyalty, he was asked to write it. When a campus official or a visiting dignitary met a speech emergency that called for some knowledge of Iowa history he gave the information, and if neces-

sary wrote the speech. Hundreds of such demands only the busiest man on the campus could find time to meet! And he gave to each generously and effectively and quietly of his knowledge, of his experience, and of his ability. Such services through the years were taken for granted by his University — and by himself. He was institutional-minded and his satisfaction and his reward came not in personal recognition but in the knowledge that he had made a definite contribution to the betterment of the thing in hand.

A University president once said of him, "He can do more things and do them better than any man it has ever been my privilege to work with. With six Shambaughs I could run the University, have a better institution, and save the State money." It was a University alumnus of his own age who, in the heartbreaking realization of his loss, pointed out that Dr. Shambaugh had for so many years been the University's tower of strength, and had given so generously and so effectively of his varied talents throughout his surpassingly useful career, that Iowa had taken him for granted as one of its bountiful blessings.

Professor Shambaugh had a noble distaste for making a public show of what he had done. He possessed THAT PRECIOUS ART SENSE OF DISCRIMINATION WHICH WITHOUT RULE OR MEASURE OR SCALES GUIDES OUR CHOICES. He cherished the old-fashioned belief that office and position were trusts and he suffered almost a spiritual hurt when men who had assumed an obligation betrayed the confidence of an institution or a people. *Only once in a century does so magnetic and effective a personality occur in*

any institution. This appraisal by one of wide experience with men and universities is one of many. *How are we going to get along without him?* wrote one who had known him personally and professionally through many years. *God made Dr. Shambaugh and then lost the pattern.*

Presidents changed, almost the entire University personnel changed, but Professor Shambaugh was there to meet an emergency, to grace a University occasion, to correct the mistakes of lesser men, to crusade for democracy, to champion a worthy cause that languished in the hands of timidity and indecision, to stand on the firing line when academic cheapness, selfishness, or just plain dishonesty battled for power, to plead always for decency, reverence and dignity in human relationships.

He was a dreamer of dreams and builder of traditions who has left an indelible imprint on the life of the University, and who will still live in those things we value most.

We loved Dr. Shambaugh and knew that he would stand always for that which was right and that which was noble, regardless. In every crisis he was a sure and unfaltering light that never once failed us; now he is gone and we are left with a precious memory of his high quality and his eternal worth.

Dr. Shambaugh was not one man — he was many. He was a philosopher in politics and education. He was an evangelist in the cause of Iowa History. He was a great

architect in his constructive planning, and an expert builder in the execution of his plans. His was a career crowned with great accomplishment.

He was so vital a part of his surroundings that a fundamental lack seems to have come into being immediately. The University will never be the same without him. His loss to the Historical Society is tremendous.

The University will go on without Dr. Shambaugh. It must. But it will never be the same without his extraordinary ability and influence. He will remain the mountain peak in the range of University personalities.

The campus will seem empty and strange indeed without the friendly greeting of Iowa's most beloved professor. His personality will continue to permeate the atmosphere of his former surroundings while memory lives.

He was one of the outstanding men in the history of the development of the University. The State feels a large degree of pride in the splendid service which he rendered.

He was one of the foremost of the University's intellectuals, and its greatest humanitarian. The institution has suffered an irreparable loss.

Dr. Shambaugh was a very great man, great in intellect, great in wisdom and understanding, and great in his unswerving loyalty.

He has left behind him a record of which any University might well be proud.

Dr. Shambaugh meant much to me. The charm of his personality, his deep interest in the individual, the brilliance of his intellect, and the nobility of his character challenged my admiration.

The University seems to be going on but Dr. Shambaugh's place can never be filled.

For thousands of students these past forty years there were two campus traditions. One of them was Old Capitol; the other was Prof. Benjamin Franklin Shambaugh.

Professor Shambaugh had done more to give character to the University than any man I have known in my many years of connection with the institution.

He could continue a conversation in 1938, at a point where it was discontinued in 1909 — and in the meantime he had not changed either in appearance, manners, humanism, or in power to recall.

He was a versatile gentleman, and to appreciate his qualities and his fame, one must have seen him in the various rôles he played so well on the stage of life.

In Professor Shambaugh we had combined many characteristics we should like to cultivate. A scholar, but yet

a friend; an instructor, and still a guide; a speaker, an author, and a leader — we all admired him.

The University will always remember the tradition that is Dr. Shambaugh.

The world has been made better for his having lived in it. He graced it with his presence, charmed it with his personality, adorned it with his life and influenced it for good with his high ideals of living.

I have recalled many times my experiences with Dr. Shambaugh — the Department of Political Science, the Campus Course, the Historical Library, Amana, his home, the University lectures and introductions — so many glorious experiences that would have meant so much less without the pleasure of feeling Dr. Shambaugh's fine character and his inimitable tact and charm in the midst of them all.

Benjamin Shambaugh had lived more lives on the Iowa campus than any man in its history — student, graduate student, instructor, assistant professor, head of one of the University's great departments, author and founder of many a University institution, Superintendent of the State Historical Society, builder of a monumental History of Iowa. Surely in his work and accomplishment he had lived the lives of three or four professors!

To have lived to leave so much to be remembered seems monumental beyond all else.

The Perfectionist

Everything he touched seemed to acquire a perfection suited to the purpose.

The Perfectionist

To thousands of University students who had never been in his classes Professor Shambaugh was known as Master of Ceremonies on University occasions and as Chairman of the Senate Board on University Lectures. Both drew upon his combined gifts of graciousness and imagination, and upon his intuitive appreciation and faultless technique that made such occasions memorable.

Among his colleagues Professor Shambaugh was known as "The Perfectionist". Whether it was an after-dinner program, a forum, a University commencement, or the installation of a president, he could lift a campus ceremonial to the plane of art, and to that end, if need be, would write the speeches himself. He had the dramatist's sense of visualizing an occasion and the dramatist's gift, too, in strengthening its weak places and in making the most of the best. When the unexpected happened and the star performer failed to appear, all the resources of the meticulous chairman were brought into play — and the program proceeded faultlessly. After a University ceremonial in recent years a former president who had returned to take part in the program wrote, "I extend congratulations to you for the great success of the installation. The details worked out perfectly, the citations were marvelous, and all in all it should be chalked up once again as one of your master strokes. You succeeded in surrounding

the whole affair with a high spiritual quality. It was a work of art."

This had been the story through the years; and this, too, the reason for his being drafted again and again — taxing his strength and resources. "It is your own fault, Shambaugh", said one of his admiring colleagues. "Anything with that much of Shambaugh in it is bound to succeed. No program is dead or stereotyped under your direction. Why take a chance without you?"

Under Professor Shambaugh's administration "University Lectures" became an institution. When asked by an official of another university many years ago how it was accomplished, the president replied laughingly, "All I can tell you is that it has been done the Shambaugh way." And so it had — with sound judgment, thorough organization, careful consideration of details, infinite patience, dramatic imagination, and with that *gift of the gods — the Shambaugh charm.*

Many an audience and many a lecture guest expressed the opinion that "no chairman in America equals him in the fine art of introducing a speaker." Many there were who claimed they came to hear the introduction quite as much as the lecture. The introduction was never long, never stereotyped nor commonplace — often a gem of from three to five carefully polished sentences. Whether serious or facetious it was done with that fine sense of discrimination that constitutes good taste, and was designed to bring together the stranger lecture guest and his University and town audience. It was Amundsen, the explorer, who said of him many years ago, "He is a prince and a per-

fect host. In less than two minutes he drew a miscellaneous audience together and handed it over to me as a friendly sympathetic unit."

Comments from the Iowa press — the one while he was still at the height of his versatile career, the other many years later, in remembrance — express the appreciation so generally felt.

His introductory gems are remembered by University audiences as long as the priceless programs that follow them. He is the greatest "springboard" some of the greatest speakers have ever known.

Dr. Shambaugh had a genius for introducing University guests which in the view of many has never been equaled in America. Often the prospect of a "Shambaugh introduction" was a principal inducement for a distinguished speaker invited to the Iowa campus.

Among the lecture-guests of more than thirty years were the world's great, who often described their experience in Iowa City under his skillful management as the happiest of their lecture tour. Many of these official guests became his personal friends. One of his treasures was a collection of inscribed and autographed books that revived many memories of their authors and of their visits in his own home.

Perhaps it was timeliness that characterized Dr. Shambaugh's introductions. Perhaps it was "the art sense of discrimination" that was the great common denominator of his varied activities. The gift of sensing the mood and adequately meeting a public occasion he never lost. Several

introductions to University lecture-guests during his last few months on the Iowa campus were pronounced by those familiar with his record the "masterpieces" of a long line of "introductory gems".

It was in remembrance of one of these occasions that a lecture-guest wired in tribute: *I shall never forget Professor Shambaugh or think of him without genuine affection. He was one of the gayest, wittiest, kindest, most captivating people I have ever known.*

Professor Shambaugh was himself a charming and gracious speaker at home and abroad. It was a natural gift, yet he never attempted to speak without careful preparation. Perhaps that was the secret of his charm. He wrote with enthusiasm and imagination — poetic prose it was often called — and he was described by a former head of the University's speech department as one of the most finished platform speakers he had ever known. This was as true of his later as of his earlier years. His address, "When the Dictator Comes", before the Union League Club of Chicago was described as the finest ever delivered before the Club, while the enthusiastic reception of his address as president of the American Political Science Association on "The More Than in Education" was said to be without precedent in the annals of presidential addresses. Ofttimes a flood of complimentary messages followed such an occasion but, while deeply appreciative, he never allowed praise to weaken his judgment or change his own appraisal of his accomplishment. His own goal was always beyond his reach.

THE WORKMAN IN ME, he once wrote, SEEMS STRANGE-

LY ENOUGH FAIRLY WELL PLEASED WITH THE JOB UPON WHICH SO MANY HOURS HAD BEEN SPENT. BUT THE ARTIST IN ME, MY SPIRITUAL SELF THAT PRE-VISIONED AND PLANNED IS NEVER SATISFIED. . . . THE DREAM, THE VISION, THE INITIAL PLANNING AND THE HOPEFUL ENTHUSIASMS OF MY ARTIST SELF ARE, I THINK, WORTHY OF GENUINE PRAISE. EVEN MY WORKMAN SELF HAS HAD A FEW HIGH MOMENTS. BUT BY AND LARGE THE WORKMAN IN ME IS A BEING OF ROUTINE, OF STANDARDIZATION WHOSE COURSE SEEMS ALWAYS TO DRIFT TOWARD DISAPPOINTMENT.

Perhaps the most memorable of Dr. Shambaugh's public appearances during those last few months was as Speaker of the Prologue for the historical pageant in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Iowa City. The pageant had been adapted and its title taken from his own book, *The Old Stone Capitol Remembers*, written to mark this anniversary. The performance was staged in front of that flood-lighted historic shrine which, in his own words, SOMEHOW THROUGH THE ALCHEMY OF TIME . . . SEEMS TO HAVE ACQUIRED A KIND OF SPIRITUAL PERSONALITY THAT SPEAKS TO US OF MEMORIES — MEMORIES OF BYGONE DAYS — DAYS WHEN OUR COMMONWEALTH WAS YOUNG AND OUR PEOPLE WERE PIONEERS. *The Old Stone Capitol Remembers.*

With the ringing of the bell of the Old Stone Capitol the great doors of the building opened wide and Dr. Shambaugh in cap and gown came through the doors and down the stone steps in the brilliance of a powerful spotlight. It was a solemn, dignified, symbolic entrance — so impressive that the huge audience burst into applause. Deeply moved

by the esoteric significance of the moment, the best he had to give went into the reading of that Prologue from a classical scroll. Under the spell of the day's import, the setting, and Dr. Shambaugh's own inspiration, the moment attained a rare spiritual quality.

"Something happened to me that night," said one who had been deeply moved by the occasion. "As you came down those stone steps I seemed suddenly to realize for the first time what it is that you have been doing all these years, and why you have felt it was worth while. Something of the meaning of Iowa came to me. It was a patriotic awakening that I shall never forget."

And Dr. Shambaugh, with his gracious way of turning aside a personal compliment, had repeatedly said, "If all that you good people say of this Centennial performance is true, I think I should retire immediately. I can never hope to equal that record again."

Iowa will long remember the dignity, charm and grace that distinguished Dr. Shambaugh's contribution to every occasion.

I count myself fortunate to have known such a good exemplar of the good life.

Many Mason Cityans will remember Professor Shambaugh's last visit here. The occasion was Benjamin Franklin's birthday and the talk, a scholarly paper, was on his life. It was read in a charming scholarly manner. Then there was a period of informal discussion and here was where the

true Shambaugh genius scintillated. He literally radiated the warmth of his personality.

Professor Shambaugh was one of the finest men the University has ever known. There is no way of estimating his influence for good. It will be hard to go on without him.

It will be a strange commencement without Dr. Shambaugh and yet I cannot feel that it will be without him. Closely interwoven with every ceremonial observance in our University specially marked with grace and dignity will always be the spirit of Benjamin F. Shambaugh.

He was all that I, in my high moments, hoped to be.

As I look at the picture of the Old Stone Capitol I realize that Dr. Shambaugh is more responsible than any other man for the preservation of that building.

The shock that came to me cannot be told. It was so utterly remote from even an imaginary possibility that I can not believe it. I can scarcely imagine the University without Dr. Shambaugh. He was so a part of every movement and always so willing to give of his strength and time. And such a power with it all.

At Commencement, as Master of Ceremonies, Professor Shambaugh played a distinguished part. His deep voice introducing the Deans was as impressive as the bestowing of the degrees.

We realize as the weeks go by that the inimitable touch that Dr. Shambaugh gave to University occasions is missing. They will never be quite the same again.

Ever since I had the privilege years ago of hearing him introduce someone in his inimitable manner I have lost no opportunity which I could take advantage of, to hear him, and often I found the introduction more interesting than the discourse.

I had known him for forty years and I know that such men are as rare in any age and time, as the combination of traits that made Professor Shambaugh an outstanding figure. He was a philosopher-professor, a great scholar and a great executive, he was an artist and a dreamer and at the same time a thoroughly practical workman. The University will go on, but no one can ever take his place, nor will he and his work be forgotten.

Those who have been privileged to view the landscape from the mountain top have noticed the isolated peaks that towered above all others and seemed to stand alone. So it is with those who have lived at the right time. There are but few of such in each generation. Mr. Shambaugh was one of that few!

Gentleman of Iowa

Such a happy, gallant, considerate gentleman! I shall always remember with a glow of pleasure his warm cordiality and hospitality, his scintillating wit and charm.

Gentleman of Iowa

On the occasion of one of his early visits to the University, Lorado Taft told his host he had come to Iowa City "to see whether Dr. Shambaugh is as handsome as my brother-in-law, Hamlin Garland, describes him. Hamlin calls him the handsomest man he has ever met."

After Dr. Shambaugh, who was a guest on this occasion, had been introduced and passed on, his host inquired, "How about it, Mr. Taft?"

"Well," replied Lorado Taft, "Hamlin did rather well *for a writer*, but it takes *a sculptor* to appreciate a Greek god!"

The New York artist who painted his portrait in recent years described him as "invincibly young at sixty, a charming and picturesque personality, and an artist."

It was a professor of esthetics who described him as "That beautiful work of art as he swung gracefully across the campus".

"Precise in appearance. Suave in manner. Brilliant in conversation." So he was described by a news reporter.

"Are all historians as charming as Dr. Shambaugh?" asked a distinguished guest of his University host.

Such compliments were an almost daily occurrence, and with his nimble wit he had the gift of turning them aside graciously. Sensitive and appreciative always, he never lost his mental and spiritual poise through flattery or even gen-

uine praise — all of which only added to what was called by his contemporaries through the years, *that gift of the gods — the Shambaugh charm.*

Much of that charm lay in his fine physique and distinguished bearing, much in his ready wit and gift of speech, much in his delightful friendliness and genuine interest in people, and much in the contagion of his radiant spirit. Half in earnest one of his early colleagues once exclaimed, "How can a man compete with Shambaugh? He has everything!"

That the sensitive, high spirited young professor should be hurt by the petty jealousies and small ambitions of a University campus was inevitable. William Lyon Phelps points out with unmistakable sadness that such is the fate of youth, originality, and popularity in an older academic world. Who can doubt the part played by the remembrance of those early hurts in the generous helpfulness that characterized such men in their own dealings with youthful eagerness and ambition.

Throughout his more than forty years as *Iowa's All-round Gentleman Professor*, Dr. Shambaugh was called the best dressed man on the Iowa campus — to which he invariably replied, "That is a sad commentary on our University faculty." Even his long-time tailor was forced to admit he was conservative and that there was nothing unusual about his clothes — he merely "carried them well". Certain it is that beyond a first careful selection no man was ever less conscious of his clothes — they were taken for granted.

That fancy should embroider with legends so picturesque and colorful a personality was inevitable. It is the way of the college campus — and the military post. With characteristic patience, tolerance, and a never-failing sense of humor he met references to the spats he never wore, the heavy cane he never carried, the manicured nails he never knew, the hat he did not recognize, and the glasses he had discarded twenty years before. These were among the irrelevancies of a trifling age.

Given a free hand, his portrait painter chose to paint him just as he stepped into the studio from the street — "a study in browns" — a dark brown suit, a camel's hair overcoat in a lighter shade over his arm, a soft brown beaver hat in one hand, and the ever-present Malacca cane in the other, with a touch of color in the maroon necktie and matching handkerchief. At his elbow three favorite books from the publications of the Historical Society — the Amana book written by his wife; *In Cabins and Sod-Houses* by President Emeritus Thomas H. Macbride; and *Ioway to Iowa* by Irving B. Richman. Atop the books dropped quite casually a pair of yellow pig-skin gloves. "*How thankful I am,*" wrote a former colleague, "*that I can think of him as he lives on in that colorful life-like work of art.*"

Professor Shambaugh was above all else a gentleman at heart. He was sometimes called "The University Ideal". He was the personification of the "More Than" that he expected in University training. "It's the *More Than* in education that counts", he was once quoted as saying. "That's the most precious thing and there's precious little of it."

There was the same distinction in his thinking and in the attitude with which he met his personal and professional problems that there was in his suave manner and precise appearance. He had a fine scorn for THE CRUDE, THE VULGAR, AND THE RISQUE IN MANNER, IN WRITING, AND IN CONVERSATION. Indeed, he exemplified his own "More Than" in THAT SENSE OF AWARENESS OF THE EXCELLENT WHICH DISTINGUISHES THE TRUE FROM THE FALSE, THE GOOD FROM THE EVIL, THE SUBSTANCE FROM THE SHADOW, THE SUPERIOR FROM THE MEDIOCRE, SINCERITY FROM PRETENSE AND MODESTY FROM PRUDERY. . . . THAT SENSE OF FREEDOM WHICH DELIVERS ONE FROM THE SLAVERY OF UNIFORMITY AND FASHION.

One of the living University memories will be tall, handsome, distinguished-looking, many-talented Professor Shambaugh.

He was so refined that he treated all with equal courtesy.

He was one of those rare persons of whom one remained acutely conscious even if one saw him but seldom and at long intervals.

We are among the thousands of Iowans saddened by the passing of Dr. Benj. F. Shambaugh, eminent political scientist and all round gentleman professor at the University.

For many years we have rejoiced that we might stand in the bright warmth of Professor Shambaugh's radiant per-

sonality. We shall miss him tremendously, but nothing can take from us the many colorful memories, and the recollections of his fine courtesy and kindness.

The campus will seem empty and strange indeed without the friendly greeting of Iowa's most beloved professor. His personality will continue to permeate the atmosphere of his former surroundings while memory lives.

He was so glorious a man, physically, mentally, and morally! The work of disseminating his wisdom and goodness, as widely as possible, so that even those who never met him may be lifted up by his presence, is a sacred obligation.

Thousands of former students remember him more vividly than anyone on the Iowa campus, and admired and loved him more.

We shall all of us to our joy hear his voice with the occasional merry laugh and have recurring visions of that beautiful work of art as he swung gracefully across the campus.

There was the immaculate Dr. Shambaugh running briskly up the steps. He was the Lord Chesterfield of the State University.

How we miss Prof. Shambaugh! With the passing of his handsome familiar figure, a light has departed from this whole campus.

We deplore the passing of so fruitful and so genial a contemporary.

Our beautiful memories of that rich and brilliant personality, so rare and fine, will keep us humbly grateful for the boundless benefits of association with him.

Those who knew Dr. Shambaugh will pass on the impression of his unique and effective personality. That will be an ever living monument.

Even in those early student days we instinctively knew him to be a truly great personality.

A striking personality on the campus. A man who helped give life and color and an ever youthful spirit to what otherwise would be only a group of buildings.

Benjamin Shambaugh was a valiant gentleman, in the fullest and truest sense that we can use the words. His friendly, his manly, meditative walk and mien, so familiar to us all was but an external measure of an inner gentility and sincerity which permeated his public and private life.

As a personality, his cordiality, charm, sincerity, warmth, and interest in each individual marked him as truly "The Chief".

There will always be a University. It will be the richer for his fine character and constructive influence — but

without his dominating personality it will never be the same.

Dr. Shambaugh, a real teacher and a true friend, has passed away, but his inspiring memory will remain in the hearts of all who have had the privilege of knowing the delightful charm of his lovable personality.

His life was so closely woven into the fabric of the University. The knowledge that I will not again meet his welcoming smile has given me a sad change of attitude toward returning to the campus. My University is gone. One does not come back for buildings — not even Old Capitol.

While every one will remember The Chief for his contributions to education, Iowa history, and human betterment, I also will remember him for his companionable qualities — his enthusiasm, gayety, optimism, idealism, and personal interest in my own well being. He was like a father to me!

With all of his modern vigor and mobility he had the sound learning and gracious conduct of a gentleman of the old school. I have never known a University man with his versatility, force and influence, nor of his personal charm and distinction. He brought honor to Iowa and will live as one of her great men.

Again and again he evidenced the greatness and the gen-

tleness of his refined personality. His culture was not a thing of the surface but ingrained in his every thought and action. These splendid attributes will grow brighter and be more deeply appreciated as time goes on. The weak and the unworthy we always have with us. Only now and then does God send so truly fine and noble a personality as Dr. Shambaugh to carry on for Him a little while.

All of us who have ever attended the University are grieving for Dr. Shambaugh and realize that the campus will never be the same without his striking personality. He was a remarkable character — distinctive and outstanding. It was a privilege to have known him. Among my most precious University memories I will cherish this privilege.

He was always a good deal of an idol to me. Vivid memories of him will always be with me and I shall continue to try to achieve a little of that kindliness and charm of personality that I so admired.

He was above all pettiness. Nothing can mar the strength and beauty of such a personality. Nothing can alter the deep significance of his contribution to human betterment.

He was sensitive and responsive to all that was fine. I have thought again and again of those things which stood out foremost in his life and what an inspiration they are.

The Measure of Greatness

The greatness of a man is measured by men ultimately always in terms of the good he has done, the example he has set, the inspiration and hope he has provided for other men. Greatness and goodness, in the final test, fuse.

The Measure of Greatness

MULTITUDES of recorded Iowa memories of Professor Shambaugh bear witness to the signal truth that *greatness and goodness, in the final test, fuse.* His dream of a Literature of Iowa History brought to life, his career as a liberal and progressive in the field of education, his originality and varied gifts, so generously bestowed, that made him *one of the most constructive forces in the University and in his State* — these are all stirring memories revived in praise and admiration.

But the predominating notes in this spontaneous expression of sorrow are of Benjamin F. Shambaugh whose genius lay in his genuine democracy and in his humanity. Such testimonials, wide in their range of interest, kept in distinctive type throughout this little volume of memories, are probably, more nearly than any formal biography, Benjamin F. Shambaugh *As Iowa Remembers Him.*

As wide in range of age levels as in interests are these Iowa tributes: *I was in the first class he met after he came back from Germany, and though I was older than he by several years the effect of that dynamic personality upon my life was a very definite, stimulating and helpful one.*

I owe a great deal to Dr. Shambaugh for inspiration and encouragement in early years. What a magnificent heritage of good he leaves behind in which all who knew him have their cherished share.

I wish I had the gift to tell you how many attentions, how many acts of kindness Professor Shambaugh bestowed, day after day, upon the timid, the hurt, the bewildered and the discouraged. I was one of them and I am constantly hearing of others. Things that only a man of Dr. Shambaugh's kindness would do. Things that only a man of his life-long knowledge and experience with the perplexities that beset the undergraduate would know how to do to help restore confidence and self esteem. There is no record of these things but they live forever in grateful memory.

One of the great men with whom it has been the privilege of students at Iowa to associate. It is fitting that as this man's personality dominated this institution so measurably while he lived, so should his spirit dominate now that he is gone.

Forty years span these student memories, typical of hundreds recorded in affectionate and grateful tribute to *a glorious personality* that had become *a symbol, an institution, a tradition.*

Age, too, voiced its appreciation of one who made such a good job of living. *I am an old man, and not in my lifetime have I known an Iowan who has been so universally mourned. The passing of this great man is a severe blow to the University and its students, and to the State of Iowa that he loved so sincerely and served so magnificently.*

Little children sent their precious testimonials. Perhaps the most touching came during the anxious hospital days from the primary class in a nearby Sunday School express-

ing in childish diction the hope that he would soon be well — a message of love and sympathy laboriously signed by every child.

He was a great man. Good men there have been — but the finest figure in the University of Iowa in his forty years of service was Benjamin Shambaugh. With the passing of this outstanding campus figure an era comes to a close.

The students of the State University of Iowa in the past, now, and in the future have lost a great, sincere, cultured friend.

I have known no man who ever approached him in his influence for good. To me Dr. Shambaugh had become a symbol — a symbol of scholarship, kindness and nobility.

Dr. Shambaugh has meant more to me than any man on the campus. I have always felt that I could go to him with any personal problem and come away lighter in heart for having had his advice.

He was a great man among us — an irreplaceable asset.

Nothing can remove the good enduring contributions with which Doctor Shambaugh has made our lives brighter and our visions wider.

Professor Shambaugh was the most democratic and ver-

satile member of the University faculties. The impression of his teaching and the remembrance of his achievements will remain vivid for many years to come.

The grand man of the State University — the noble Dr. Shambaugh.

Dr. Shambaugh was a big man, but not too big to see the workmen on the University campus. He always stopped to speak to me and ask me how I was. I miss him more and more.

The University of Iowa will never seem the same without Dr. Shambaugh. An historical period comes to a close.

Myriads of Iowa men and women will always be better because he lived.

Men of Professor Shambaugh's type, whom Providence has richly endowed with faculties of friendship and human sympathy, are never dislodged from the hearts of those who have given them a permanent place there.

Few men have left the vacancy that is so noticeable since his death last spring. There is no campus figure to take his place, just as there has been no one who could measure up to him all of these years he has been associated with the school.

With all his interests and activities, he had time to know

his students. Many professors feel they are too busy to be bothered with the trivial problems of undergraduates; consequently it was a treat to find a person who was an authority in his field and yet was willing to listen to individual problems. He was a sympathetic listener and an excellent counsellor — never too busy to sit in his office and talk, not to you, but with you.

We mourn the loss of a great educator and philosopher.

We [his students] felt blessed with his friendship, and that after all is the sweetest thing in life.

It is all too sudden to fully comprehend. We are all so indebted to him for his unselfish services and for his many personal kindnesses. How cordial and gracious he was in making me acquainted and at home in the University.

Through the years he has been our ideal — as a University professor and a friend. To him we owe much that has enriched our lives and made them useful in our limited way. His place will never be filled.

Dr. Shambaugh was not only a great scholar, but a rarely human man.

He was so full of life and animation that the news of his death came as a great shock. He was my favorite professor. He was a wonderful teacher and friend. He was always kind and considerate and I learned a great deal from

him that has been very helpful to me in my professional work and in my contact with the world. He was a splendid man.

Dr. Shambaugh was associated with so many famous and wonderful people and yet such humble folk as myself were privileged to call him "friend". I revere that pleasant relationship. It is one of the most valuable things I have to remember.

Surely one of the most memorable and fruitful years of my life was spent with Dr. Shambaugh — for it was then that I became well acquainted with a truly great man.

Benj. F. Shambaugh will be remembered as one of Iowa's great men.

There is comfort in the realization of the great influence for good The Chief exerted on so many thousands of his students.

One with the ever-widening circle of memories which he created cannot truly be forgotten. We came late into the sphere of his influence, but it was mellow and constructive to us as it was to all who came within it. Iowa City and the University will not be the same when we return.

A great teacher and a great leader leaves the academic world in the death of B. F. Shambaugh. The sprinkling of his ashes on the Iowa campus — his final request — will

indeed be a fitting benediction upon a distinguished career so synonymous with the University.

His work is of the enduring character that he so wisely foresaw as a timely service to the people of this State. His own character was unselfish, noble, true, and devoted to the good of all his fellow men.

Iowa has lost her foremost citizen, but his spirit will lead us for years to come.

A beautiful life and a beautiful death. What more could anyone ask?

When I came to Iowa more than thirty years ago one of the first men to welcome me to the campus was Mr. Shambaugh. During these years I have found him my good friend and adviser. It is hard indeed for me to realize that he has gone. To me he was just as much a part of the campus as is "Old Capitol". To have so much broken out of my own life's pattern makes me very sad.

I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have known his kindness, his helpfulness, and his influence.

We are all richer by his having been in our midst and all poorer that he has moved on.

The University has the profoundest sympathy of all of us who knew the wonderful man Benjamin Shambaugh

was. The influence and the memory of such a man are an institution's best heritage.

The loss to Iowa seems overwhelming. Dr. Shambaugh was a great man — one of Iowa's best. He has left an ineffaceable memory.

We who have known him through these many years of his activities and honors feel a distinct personal loss and grief in his death. And what a loss to the University and to the State of Iowa.

Such a loss to the University, to the State, and to all whom he influenced is inestimable, but his good works will ever live as a memorial.

The news of Dr. Shambaugh's passing seems like a bad dream. He was a great and noble man whose memory will live forever.

I have lost a friend whom I had known intimately for twenty years — a man for whom I had a deep affection and the highest regard.

He was always so very kind and considerate of me and so helpful to my son.

The announcement in the Des Moines paper of the passing of dear Dr. Shambaugh came as a heart breaking shock. I have lost a very personal as well as a professional friend.

I know something of his kindness and helpfulness to young people who needed help, and to struggling causes that needed support.

I shall never fail to feel his influence, nor shall I forget that throughout his busy life he always had time and desire and energy to respond to the many student demands upon him. I miss his guidance now as I am confronted with a new problem.

It must be a source of great comfort to know that everywhere one turns there is to be heard a common voice expressing the admiration which people felt for Dr. Shambaugh, and their sense of loss now that he does not appear among us.

I can scarcely reconcile myself to a world without Dr. Shambaugh in it. He was a great man. The State of Iowa will be forever in his debt.

I feel so keenly the loss of Dr. Shambaugh to the University and education everywhere. But he has left a memorial for all time in the hearts and lives of thousands of students.

I do not believe that he ever had an unappreciative thought about anyone. His friendly attitude toward my work will be remembered as long as I live.

He was my great teacher and my friend. I know there are hundreds of men and women in Iowa who, like myself,

came within the radiation of his influence and acknowledge the effect of his personality on their lives. Hundreds of Iowa students owe him a debt of gratitude for his helpful friendship, his many courtesies, his sympathetic and kindly advice and counsel, and his encouragement to pursue scientific investigation and the advancement of scholarship and knowledge.

So Gloriously Alive

He will live in Iowa as a symbol, an institution, a tradition. He will live as a song in hearts uplifted by his spirit. Old men will remember and children will learn of Benjamin Shambaugh and the part he played in fostering and preserving the durable values of our Commonwealth.

So Gloriously Alive

PROFESSOR Shambaugh left the field of his endeavor still a young man according to the measure of Aristotle who drew "no distinction between young in years and young in disposition". In his youthful zest and enthusiasm he had become one of the most versatile of public servants and *one of Iowa's really great men.*

But it was more than his gifts as an inspiring and stimulating teacher, a builder of University traditions, or *Iowa's Great Historian*; more than the nation-wide recognition he had brought to his University and his State; and more than his distinction as a host or as a speaker that brought the flood of testimonials from four decades of Iowa and University associates and officials, and *two generations of us in the Iowa small towns* when the news that he had met his last obligation was sent forth by wire and radio.

It was the man himself — the radiant, gallant, vigorous Benjamin Shambaugh *so gloriously alive.* It was the Benjamin Shambaugh with the inherent dignity of the cultured gentleman and a reverence for things that make for a better life. It was the "Gentleman of Iowa" whose charm was in his simplicity and whose strength was in his faith and loyalty. Perhaps it was above all else the Benjamin Shambaugh who *had lived more lives on the Iowa campus than any man in its history* — but had never lost the art of being kind.

Benjamin Shambaugh will be remembered always as one of Iowa's really great men. He was spared the inactivity of retirement, and the aging of so youthful and so colorful a personality. He stepped from the campus in the full maturity of his powers, still the most active and the most liberal man on the University faculty, still the handsomest, the most immaculate, and the most charming. Those of us, growing grey in our own respective fields, who were compelled to be a little finer by his presence, would give much to be remembered so gloriously alive.

Remembering his lifelong consciousness of responsibility there was something characteristically fitting in his being able to meet every obligation until the final summons. It was a beautiful close to as fine a record as the University has ever known. It is my profound belief that Benjamin Shambaugh of the intrepid spirit would have wished it so.

Typical are these messages of the memories recorded by university graduates and undergraduates; college presidents and professors and employees; public officials past and present; Iowa parents and teachers; farmers, editors, business and professional men from every corner of the State; men and women who had known him intimately; men and women who knew him only as *a symbol, an institution, a tradition* — all joining spontaneously in tribute, not alone to *a volume and a quality of work which few Iowans can equal*, but to *the moulding influence of his fine character, mind and spirit upon the lives of thousands of Iowa young people.*

One unusual note runs through these vivid recollections

of the dynamic Professor Shambaugh — a reluctance to having the memory of his youthful mind and spirit marred by age or illness. *No, old age was not for Benjamin Shambaugh. There is an element of pathos in every grand old man who has, in his prime, been a personality of power and influence. Benjamin Shambaugh will be remembered as he would want to be — eager, full of plans, pressing forward to a new goal.*

I simply cannot adjust myself to the idea of his not being there this June. I am consoled by the fact that it happened while he was taking life in his full stride. I hope when my time comes it will be like that.

How wonderful it was that he could slip away at the height of his glorious career, with no long period of illness and distress.

May we not regard it as a blessing that if the end had to come to Benjamin Shambaugh it came while he was still in the prime of his great usefulness to be remembered as he would like to be.

In the midst of our loss we like to think that Dr. Shambaugh left us as he lived among us, strong and vivid, in the fullness of his power. We will remember him as he went about his work active and keen to the last.

It is unthinkable that Shambaugh should not continue to be at the University. His erect posture, limber body

seemed to challenge passing time and change. His youthfulness was extraordinary. He moved around on the campus with such strong courage that others were led to steer fearlessly toward goals which to many seemed very distant.

We rejoiced so in his mental and physical strength.

Such a happy, cheerful and universally admired personage who was such a power for good on the campus for all these years. His spirit will live on as an imperishable memory and benediction.

How lovely to go while still mentally alert, after so many years of association with the University. It is an unusual record.

Now the greatest tribute which we can pay him is in our assurance that he will always be a part of this great institution of which he was so fond.

We can not make it seem real for always we see him as a young man which in spirit he was.

It is unbelievably hard to realize that Dr. Shambaugh has left us. Fortunately those things which made him so dear to us can not be destroyed and will remain with us forever.

Much can be written about the sixty-nine-year life and activities of this man, but no writings will express adequately his love of fellow man and his zest for living.

He was the most distinguished personality the University has ever known.

It seems most fitting that the mortal remains of Iowa's beloved Professor Shambaugh should become, for all time, a part of the University campus making of it hallowed ground and a living memorial to this great Iowa citizen who gave a lifetime of service to its building.

I derived so much inspiration and vision from him that to me he will never be gone. He gave so richly of himself that he became a dynamic living part of Life itself.

He will still live in those things we value most.

I feel that I experienced a privilege which students in years to come will miss; and yet, they too will feel his influence, which will endure long after most of us who knew him have been forgotten.

He lived such a full and splendid life.

I shall never think of him except as having gone away for a while. He has left too much of his real self with every one of us who knew and admired him to think of him in any other way. He was my guide, adviser and friend from the day I entered the University as a Freshman. With problems as a graduate student I always knew where to go. I am only one of thousands scattered now throughout the world who will miss his presence.

I was pained beyond expression to read yesterday in New York of the death of the gallant Dr. Shambaugh. This I cannot yet get through my mind, or even near my heart, that a man so handsome and of bearing so regal and of enthusiasm for life so intense should not be with us any more. I do not need to tell you that we will not soon see his like again.

The news of the passing of my great benefactor was a tremendous shock. To me he had seemed perennially young, little changed from my first contact with him in 1920.

No, "The Chief" is not dead. He lives on in the unmeasured influence of his life on the multitude of lives with whom he came into contact. To have known him is one of the richest experiences of my life. And I shall ever cherish his friendship as a blessed reality.

He had visited Piney Woods and found that his teachings were not in vain, for some of the things that made the greatest impression upon me were those that were molded into embryonic thoughts and developed into realizations right here at Piney Woods. So it is true that the good that men do lives after them. We can not then say that Professor Shambaugh is dead, for the good that he has done yet lives.

He still lives in very real fashion in the lives of the many students who have been so deeply influenced by him.

In a manner I am glad I am not to return to the campus for now I will not have to witness the great void that his passing has created at the University. Out here I can always think of his being there as an integral part of the University and performing his duties as he did for so long. I know his fine character, mind and spirit will always live on.

To me as a child the dignified Professor was a prince. That impression I still carry.

He made such a good job of living.

I just can't think of him as other than energetic, full of cheer and enthusiasm for his work. He was so friendly and so kind to students. I shall never forget his exceptional mind, his scintillating wit, and his happy disposition.

He was so big and fine nothing can harm or hurt his memory or his accomplishments. His chair in the University will no doubt be filled by another but his personality can not be replaced. His spirit will live on as an imperishable memory and benediction.

Life's labor done, serenely to his final rest he passed, while the cherished memory of his virtues will linger like the sunset hue when that bright orb is set.

He lives in the hearts of men to whom he gave his love and who give him theirs in turn. Such life is immortal.

I feel so keenly the loss of Dr. Shambaugh to the University and education everywhere. But he has left a memorial for all time in the hearts and lives of thousands of students.

This great cavalcade of students will find that his spirit is still with them and influencing their lives. I sometimes wonder if that is not what immortality is in reality.

Who has the gift to portray the Benjamin Shambaugh who still abides with us to make our love for Iowa a greater reality, and to make our University a better place for his living presence.

The people of Iowa will be forever in his debt. We hope we may in our day deserve our memories of him.

Memories of Colleagues

He was a strong character, almost a symbolic figure standing in the foreground of Iowa and the University. Such dominating personalities are few in any generation. It will be years before the State and the University fully realize the loss they have sustained.

For the State Historical Society

When the spirit of Benjamin F. Shambaugh soared out and above the din and dust of time into the realm of rest and peace on the seventh day of April, 1940, the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society of Iowa lost an efficient counsellor and a true friend.

As a member of this Board from 1896 to 1907, and as the first Superintendent and Editor of the Society from 1907 to the date of his death, he promoted the cause of Iowa History with vision and with creative genius.

His high standards of research, his critical editing of more than 75,000 pages of Iowa History, and his achievement of taste and excellence in the style and format of its publications gave to the Society the distinction of ranking first in research and publications among the historical societies of this country.

His desire to make the history of the State accessible to all the citizens of the Commonwealth brought personal recognition of his services to the State.

His quiet dignity, his imaginative brilliancy, his dramatic method, all contributed to the charm and inspiration of his personality.

His magnetic personality and his friendly interest inspired many young scholars to enter upon research with zeal and enthusiasm.

His high standard of efficiency in administration, his unquestioned integrity, and his great concern for the welfare of those associated with him challenged unusual loyalty and coöperation from staff and governing body.

His spirit of devotion, his undaunted idealism, and his untiring energy will live in the memory of all those who were associated with him and who attempt to carry on his work and his vision.

Let it therefore be resolved that we record this expression of our profound sense of loss in the death of Dr. Benjamin F. Shambaugh, and that a copy of the record be presented to Bertha M. H. Shambaugh, his wife, across whose threshold the shadow of this great sorrow has fallen.

For the College of Liberal Arts

The passing of Professor Benjamin Franklin Shambaugh on the seventh of April was a sudden and a severe loss to the University and the State of Iowa. As the Faculty of the College of Liberal Arts pauses in sadness to turn its thoughts toward the great and good man who has gone, there is obviously no need to recite in detail the necessarily long factual record of his life with us. For forty-five years he was a teacher, an editor, an historian, the Superintendent of the State Historical Society, an administrator, and a creator of traditions. Those he taught had a rich, significant cultural experience arising from contacts with an inspiring personality. He had enthusiasm and wisdom, vision and faith. He was aggressive but also sympathetically tolerant. Professor Shambaugh was a man of intense loyalty: as a scholar, loyalty to high accuracy and sound interpretations; as a professor, loyalty to the University of Iowa and its high purpose; as a proponent, loyalty to any cause he espoused; as a defender, loyalty to the rights of anyone within the domain of his responsibility. His visions were many. They grew slowly and wisely, for they came out of a knowledge of the people and of the needs of society. He saw in the work of the State Historical Society the promise of a great stabilizing benefit to future generations here born and bred. Only our successors in the course of time can measure fully the value of his vision. In the broadest sense, Professor Shambaugh was an artist. Every-

thing he touched seemed to acquire a perfection suited to the purpose. He was a great man among us, an irreplaceable asset. Undoubtedly he has helped us to see more clearly the possibilities of great vision in our work at Iowa.

Your committee recommends that these remarks be considered a resolution to be adopted for record in the minutes of the Faculty and that the Secretary transmit a copy to Mrs. Shambaugh.

For the Research Club of the University of Iowa

As the sun was setting on April 7, 1940, the life of Benj. F. Shambaugh passed over the horizon into eternity. Ever since his boyhood he had been associated with the State University of Iowa as a student and teacher. He was a member of the Research Club for almost a quarter of a century, during nearly the whole period of its existence.

Historical research was predominant among the intellectual interests of Professor Shambaugh. Even as an undergraduate he studied local history independently. Presently he began a lifelong demonstration of the thesis that the true significance of the past is to be found in the experience of common folks in particular communities. From a meager collection of uncatalogued material, he developed the resources of the State Historical Society into a research library, for the creation of commonwealth consciousness through extensive publication. It is significant that his own first and last books pertained to the history of Iowa City.

The reputation of Doctor Shambaugh, however, rests not so much on his personal research as upon the zeal and integrity that he inculcated in generations of graduate students. His instinct for investigation, his persistent quest of truth, and his insistence upon accuracy were a constant inspiration. He it was who outlined the program of research for both the Historical Society and the Department of Political Science, directed the work, and shaped the final

product with consummate skill. He had the rare faculty of combining the practical and the theoretical, so that ideals were realized and dreams came true. To that end studies in "Applied History" were published for the guidance of the people of Iowa.

At the end of his long service to the community and the Commonwealth, he was engaged in the most ambitious project of all — a centennial history of Iowa that will fill many volumes, in order that the true story of our State may be more widely known and cherished.

For the Triangle Club of the University of Iowa

The alpine mountaineer, intent upon gaining the summit of a lofty peak, will nevertheless halt ever and anon in his upward course and, leaning upon his staff, will look back over the trail he has followed. How altered the prospect appears from that vantage point. The pine-clad ravine far below that seemed so dark and forbidding has become a soft, rich valley of sunshine. And yonder icy lake, which an hour ago mirrored in vivid splendor the enticing heights beyond, has been transformed into an azure gem in an emerald setting.

Benj. F. Shambaugh was a mountaineer. His aims were high, his courage dauntless, and his energy inexhaustible. From each pinnacle of achievement he began another ascent. The horizon of his vision and influence continually expanded. Though the path of his career traversed uncharted areas, he never sought the easy way but plunged boldly into the wilderness of academic problems and, with conviction for his guide, contributed much toward finding a better way of life. He illuminated the realms of history, government, and education. The clarity of his vision converted what appeared to be inaccessible hopes into jewels of reality.

On the campus Professor Shambaugh radiated enthusiasm, confidence, and idealism by his vivid, dynamic personality. He stood for justice and truth. A preacher of tolerance, he nevertheless scorned mediocrity and sloven-

liness. No disparagement changed his course; no flattery weakened his judgment. His standards, whether of historiography or teaching, were distinctly his own — stimulating, positive, important. The impression of his character was deeply engraved in the life of the University and the history of the Commonwealth of Iowa.

And so the passing of Benj. F. Shambaugh late in the afternoon of April 7, 1940, is mourned far and wide, but the memory of him will continue to be cherished through the years to come.

For the American Political Science Association

It is with great sorrow that the American Political Science Association records the death of an esteemed member and former president. A charter member of the Association, one of the founders of the *American Political Science Review* and for many years serving on its editorial board, Professor Shambaugh will always rank high in the history of the Association. He was an active teacher of political science from 1896 until his death on April 7, 1940. Few teachers have had as much influence as he on students as well as on all who came in contact with him. He was not only a teacher of political science but a maker of political science teachers. It was a rare privilege to be one of his "boys" and to receive the benefits of his enthusiasm, interest, friendliness, and culture. For many years Professor Shambaugh was Superintendent of the State Historical Society of Iowa and editor of its publications. He was one of the founders of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, which he served for a time as editor of the *Proceedings* and later on the editorial board of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review.* The death of Professor Shambaugh is an inestimable loss to the University of Iowa, to the State of Iowa and to the nation. At the University where he taught for forty-five years, he came in contact with thousands of students who knew him as a friend and counsellor. He was a familiar figure on the campus and throughout the State and was always alive to the possibil-

ities of advancing the culture of the community. The American Political Science Association desires to express its keen sense of personal loss through the death of Professor Shambaugh.

For the Mississippi Valley Historical Association

When Professor Shambaugh died, on April 7, 1940, not only his University, but the State of Iowa, and the whole Mississippi Valley, suffered the loss of an eminent scholar and an engaging personality.

Benjamin Franklin Shambaugh was born at Elvira, Clinton County, Iowa, on January 29, 1871. From the local elementary school he went to the Academy, and then to the University, at Iowa City. He graduated in 1892, and was awarded the Master of Arts degree the following year. In 1895 he received his doctorate from the University of Pennsylvania, and that same year continued graduate study in Germany. He was at once offered a professorship in political science by his alma mater and, two years later, the department headship.

By this time he was a member of the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society of Iowa, and his zeal for the Society's work marked him as the one to become its superintendent and editor when these positions were created in 1907. He continued in these offices, as well as at the head of the University department, until the time of his death.

During Professor Shambaugh's long administration, the Historical Society enjoyed astonishing growth, and its reputation broadened from local to national proportion. Its membership increased from less than one hundred to sixteen hundred, while the variety and range of its pub-

lications were the measure of its industry, vision, and scholarship. In 1903, upon Professor Shambaugh's recommendation, the Society established the *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, and, in 1920, the *Palimpsest*. These periodicals have presented a steady stream of documentary, monographic, sometimes popular, but always valuable and skillfully edited, material.

In the long list of the Society's published volumes are the *Public Archives Series, Iowa Biographical Series, Iowa Economic History Series, Iowa Applied History Series, Iowa Chronicles of the World War, Iowa Monograph Series, Centennial History Series, Iowa and War Series*, and *Miscellaneous Publications*.

Professor Shambaugh was proud of the Historical Society over which he presided so long. Like most other persons he enjoyed sincere and responsible appreciation, and it gave him the keenest pleasure when the Brookings Institution declared that "In the number and scientific quality of its publications, as well as in their practical bearing on the political, economic, and social problems of the state, the superintendent and staff of the Historical Society have demonstrated their capacity to render notable public service, and, with respect to the type of historical research which they have conducted, have been surpassed by no other institution in the country."

Dr. Shambaugh's academic relations were impressive, even extraordinary. He was a charter member of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, its vice-president in 1909, and its president in 1910. He was, also, a charter member of the American Political Science Association, and

its president in 1930. From 1900 to 1902 he was editor of the *Iowa Historical Record*. In 1906 he was a member of the committee which established the *American Political Science Review*, and a member of its Board of Editors from 1906 to 1914. From 1909 to 1916 he was editor of the *Proceedings* of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, and a member of the Board of Editors of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* from 1914 to 1916, and again from 1927 to 1930. In addition to all this, the busy editor published four books, and a long list of articles in state and national journals. He was, also, a member of many learned societies, including the American Historical Association.

Professor Shambaugh was a pronounced individualist. He preferred not to divide administrative authority, and he ruled the Historical Society and his department with a strong hand. He was tall and distinguished in appearance, urbane, eloquent, generous, courteous, friendly, and industrious. His death has left a large void in the affairs of the University he served so long and faithfully, and in the broader life of Iowa and other States.

It is not only fitting, but inevitable, that the Association should remember and honor him in this hour. He was among its pioneer builders, became its presiding officer, and remained its loyal servant and friend for more than a generation. The Mississippi Valley Historical Association acknowledges its deep and abiding obligation to Benjamin Shambaugh, and pays grateful tribute to his memory.

The Memorial Service

The campus is still tonight. The University has lost Dr. Shambaugh but gained a tradition. We know (because it was what he taught) that it is truth, beauty, and goodness that remain forever. Not man but men, not life but living, not time but immortality. If we look beyond the dome of the Old Stone Capitol we shall see not the void of night but the sparkle of the everlasting stars.

THUS simply and spontaneously, echoing his own prophetic assurance that "The Old Stone Capitol Remembers", the Memorial Service for Benjamin Franklin Shambaugh was proclaimed as the solemn ringing of the bell of the Old Stone Capitol opened and closed *the impressive final tribute to his greatness* reverently paid by his University, his adopted city, and his beloved State of Iowa.

And so it will be remembered always in recognition of the spiritual personality that historic shrine has acquired to so great a measure through his loving concern and service.

April the eleventh was a beautiful day, one of the rare days of promise in a backward spring. It was the kind of day that for Benjamin F. Shambaugh had always revived memories of his boyhood days on the old home farm.

In remembrance of University ceremonials through the years that seemed to acquire a perfection under Professor Shambaugh's touch, every effort had been made on the part of University officials and staff to create a perfect setting and to keep the Memorial Service in his spirit. *It was a dignified and fitting service in honor of a great man.* Hundreds in attendance called it the most beautiful ceremony ever held at the University, and men and women whose own years in the institution were many wrote:

We can think of no man at the University other than

Dr. Shambaugh for whom so perfect a Memorial Service could have been held.

We felt the spirit — we almost felt the presence of Dr. Shambaugh in the beautiful Memorial Service. Only for one who had lived a life of such fine devotion to high ideals, could there have been today's incomparable tribute.

Across the front of the wide deep platform that had been erected at the west end of the spacious lounge of the Iowa Memorial Union, with a background of black velvet curtains, the profusion of floral offerings — nation-wide in its representation — had been arranged by loving hands. These visible testimonials to *the affection with which he was regarded and the reverence in which his memory is held*, mounted to almost a man's height at the ends of the platform — swinging low in the center in front of the speaker's stand. It was the platform and the stand where Dr. Shambaugh himself had presided on so many University occasions.

At one side of the speaker's stand, arising from a bank of flowers, was the striking portrait of Dr. Shambaugh that had hung for a number of years in the library of the Memorial Union.

It was a familiar pose and, as the speakers talked, the audience felt that Professor Shambaugh was sitting there beside them listening intently.

How wonderful it was to have Dr. Shambaugh's fine portrait among the flowers at the beautiful Memorial Service. His kindly smile beamed upon us, and when they read his Good-bye message he seemed almost to speak.

Many of us from Amana were at the Memorial Service. It was a beautiful service, as beautiful I think as he would have wanted such an occasion to be. As we looked at his portrait among the flowers we felt he was present in spirit. A great and noble man has gone but he will not be forgotten.

Opposite the portrait, in academic costume — in the spirit of University ceremonies over which Dr. Shambaugh had for so many years presided — those participating in the service were seated.

With the last solemn note of the bell of the Old Stone Capitol, there came from the balcony of the lounge the plaintive strains of the "Largo" from the New World Symphony played by Jack T. Johnson, as had been the custom of Professor Shambaugh and Dr. Johnson in the Campus Course.

Following the "Largo" the Reverend Evans A. Worthley of the First Unitarian Church of Iowa City, of which Dr. Shambaugh was a member, arose and paid tribute to Benjamin Shambaugh, the valiant gentleman who knew what he loved and why he loved it. And what he loved was ever excellent, and in his heart was always the hope that the excellent might become the permanent.

Dean Paul C. Packer of the College of Education followed Dr. Worthley and voiced the tribute of the University to Professor Shambaugh, a dreamer of dreams and a builder of University traditions whose personality dominated the institution so immeasurably for more than forty years — the Benjamin F. Shambaugh whom the sons and daughters of Iowa will honor as long as Old Capitol stands.

Speaking for the State of Iowa and for the Historical Society, Mr. W. W. Waymack, Editor of the Des Moines *Register*, paid tribute to the Benjamin Shambaugh who knew much and understood more, who attached greater values to understanding than to mere knowing: the Benjamin Shambaugh who, more than any other man, had made the record of Iowa's past available for all the tomorrows: the Benjamin Shambaugh who loved beauty, color, vitality, youth; who was, and still is, essentially Youth — youth of the mind and youth of the spirit.

At the close of Mr. Waymack's tribute, Dr. Worthley read Professor Shambaugh's own Good-bye to his students as they met together in the last session at the end of each year — which closed with the beautiful prayer of Tagore, "Life of My Life".

It was in the reading of this familiar Good-bye message so characteristic of the spiritual plane on which he lived, that hundreds of those present seemed to feel the presence of the man who had so lately walked among them.

After a silent prayer, softly there came once more from the balcony the hauntingly beautiful theme, "Going Home" from the New World Symphony, while Dr. Worthley read from the One Hundred Thirty-ninth Psalm.

As Dr. Worthley pronounced the Benediction, Handel's "Largo" in all its majestic beauty came from the balcony. As its last lovely chords died away, the bell of the Old Stone Capitol solemnly brought to a close the final tribute of his University and his Commonwealth to Benjamin Franklin Shambaugh — scholar, patriot, humanitarian —

who had through faith, valor, and nobility, through unswerving loyalty and untiring devotion become more than an individual in the State and in the University. One of the rare personalities in a century, he had become, while still in the prime of his usefulness, *a symbol, an institution, a tradition.*

At his Memorial Service it was brought out beautifully that only the mortal remains are gone and that his spirit lives on, on the campus and in all the men and women who were fortunate enough to know him personally and those who knew him only through his writings.

The Memorial Service was for me a deep spiritual experience. It was so beautiful it was more than a tribute to one man. It was a reaffirmation of the deeper springs that also moved him.

In the inspirational Memorial Service for Professor Shambaugh the immortal element in his life, in all its beauty, stood out in strong relief.

It only remains for us, reverently and with bowed heads to add his own phrase, "The Old Stone Capitol Remembers".

For the Church

The Reverend Evans A. Worthley

In so far as words may do so these words accompanied Benjamin Shambaugh on his last journey. They are words which were at home in his memory while living, and they are words which are worthy to find a home with his spirit in death. They are said to have been first spoken by Socrates.

Let us reflect and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good thing.

If you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed, even in dreams — death will be an unspeakable gain.

Now if death be of such a nature, I say that to die is gain.

For eternity is then only a single night.

But if death is a journey to another place — what good, oh my friends, can be greater than this?

Wherefore be of good cheer about death,

And know this for a certainty,

That no evil can befall a good man either in life or after death.

We gather in this Memorial Service for the purpose of expressing a common tribute concerning the life and memory of one who spent more than fifty years on this campus, as a student and teacher. We shall think of him

as an educator, an interpreter of life, as a counsellor and guide to hundreds of young men and women. We shall think of him as a distinguished citizen of the Commonwealth of Iowa and of the Nation; we shall think of him, also, as a loving and devoted companion of those who were nearest to him in the intimate comradeship of his home and of his city. Death has come and with death we all must deal; but in this service we shall speak lightly of our sorrow, for the bright glow of his own life does not yield itself to gloom. We are here today to enshrine the spirit of Dr. Shambaugh in its new earthly home, where it will continue to intermingle with the many who will come to this place in the future, to capture if they may, as he did years and years ago, the inner meaning and beauty of life. It was here, in the light and shade of Old Capitol, that his sensitive soul was awakened and nurtured in its deepest aspirations. It was here that his personality reached unto its fulfillment, manifesting an awareness of life with a delicacy and definiteness that is ever associated with a love of excellence. So we have more to do today than to lament his departure; we have mainly to rejoice in the rich heritage which he has bequeathed to us and to all who come after us.

I believe that all of you who knew Dr. Shambaugh, not intimately, but one may say even casually, may feel as I do, that these lines of Thomas Hardy suggest vividly something which one quickly found or felt in his personality:

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,

Delicate-filmed as new spun silk, will the neighbors say,
"He was a man who used to notice such things"?

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,
Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
Will this thought rise on those who meet my face no more,
"He was one who had an eye for such mysteries"?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
"He hears it not now, but he used to notice such things"?

"He was a man who used to notice such things". Yes, there was a kind of selectivity about him which found even in little details a sense of beauty and dignity; which could color the life of a commonplace pioneer ploughman of Iowa, for instance, with a significance that was more than merely history.

Many years after the death of Shelley, Robert Browning wrote this sentence: "The air seems bright with thy past presence yet." How long do you think the bright spirit of this loyal son of Iowa will linger intimately in its new home, its new embodiment — Old Capitol, Schaeffer Hall, Macbride Hall, the Five Points? It has not left us; perhaps it never will.

Many people in the community, not connected with the University, knew Dr. Shambaugh mainly in his more public capacity, as he presided over or participated in University events which are common to the academic world. The University Lectures, as we well know, were one of the me-

diums, perhaps the main medium, through which such individuals received an impact of his person and caught the flavor of his life. It happens that the poet Robert Frost was the last to lecture here on the campus while Dr. Shambaugh was alive. In his address Robert Frost quoted and commented at length upon a quatrain by Walter Savage Landor, a quatrain which was written when the author was confronting his seventy-fifth birthday. Listening, I suddenly was aware that an image of Dr. Shambaugh, at that moment lingering between life and death, was in my mind. This is the quatrain which was quoted and praised by the speaker:

> I strove with none; for none was worth my strife.
> Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Perhaps, in his old age, Landor had forgotten a battle or two; but even so, he knew what he had loved, and about that there was no mistake. And that is what we may say today. Dr. Shambaugh knew what he loved and why he loved it. And what he loved was ever excellent, and in his heart was always the hope that the "excellent might become the permanent". He too might say:

> What had I on earth to do
> With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?

and perhaps we should add that he too was

> One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Benjamin Shambaugh was a valiant gentleman, in the fullest and truest sense that we can use the words. His friendly, his manly, meditative walk and mien, so familiar to us all was but an external measure of an inner gentility and sincerity which permeated his private and public life. He was tender and warm-hearted in all the deeper intimacies of life. Some of us have seen, with our own eyes and hearts, in the home of Bertha and Benjamin Shambaugh, a living exposition of what Elizabeth Barrett wrote in one of her sonnets:

> The widest land
> Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
> With pulses that beat double. What I do
> And what I dream include thee, as the wine
> Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
> God for myself, He hears the name of thine,
> And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

Let us then listen while he says, with Landor,

> I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

> So be my passing
> My task accomplished and the long day done
> My wages taken, and in my heart
> Some late lark singing,
> Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
> The sundown splendid and serene —

For the University

Dean Paul C. Packer

For more than fifty years, as student, teacher, head of two important academic divisions, counsellor of students, adviser of faculty members and administrative officers, builder of traditions, dreamer of dreams, Dr. Shambaugh has touched every nook and cranny of the life of the University of Iowa. Those of us left behind come to this day with mingled feelings of deep regret and appreciation: regret that the great force of this dynamic personality will be with us now only in spirit and not in person; appreciation of the stimulation, leadership, and distinction he has given this center of learning.

In the brief pause this afternoon we can do little more than admit the obligation of our institutional and personal debt and express the hope that time will not too quickly dim the memory of the things this man has done.

From the voluminous record of his publications and unpublished manuscripts we get only partial glimpses of the significance of the life of this man. For, in addition, we learn from the hundreds of messages of appreciation from former students, colleagues, and acquaintances that he contributed even more to successful living than the official documents he has left us would indicate. One such message from Lewis H. Brown, president of Johns Manville Corporation and formerly general assistant in the State

Historical Society during his student days, illustrates how Dr. Shambaugh left a heritage of engravings in the lives he touched not usually discernible to the physical eye. The message to Mrs. Shambaugh is as follows:

"You can't know how much I have counted on seeing the 'Chief' again in June. For me he will always be there as much a part of Iowa as the Old Capitol on the hill. It is impossible for me to get back for the Memorial Services. This I regret more than words can tell. If I could be there I would consider it a privilege to take part in the services that his Alma Mater will give in his honor. But in a larger way we cannot honor him more. We can only pay our humble tribute to a great man who honored his university and his State by an entire life-time of faithful, enlightened, and devoted service. What a marvelous career and what happiness was his and yours. He was one of the great influences in my life and I'm sure he was in the life of hundreds of others. He was one of the most constructive forces in the University and in his State. I know that his spirit will go marching on through the years to come."

Aside from his contributions as a teacher whose influence is revealed in messages such as the one just quoted, he will long be remembered for his development of the State Historical Society which has already produced what is, in effect, an Iowa Library. Nor will those associated with this institution soon forget his leadership in the establishment and development of the Department of Political Science. These great monuments tell their own story.

But I like best to remember my friend and colleague Benjamin F. Shambaugh as a builder of traditions and a

dreamer of dreams. As I speak you will think of the many traditions he inaugurated and nourished to a finished degree, such as the University lectures with their unforgetable introductions, and the spirit he built into the Campus Course. As is always true, it was not material surroundings that made the Campus Course a tradition at the University, but the spiritual direction that this great teacher gave it. Listen to him speaking to his class as the year closes.

"We have met and talked and read and thought together — for many weeks. And now we shall soon scatter to the ends of the earth. Shall we meet again? It is my hope that we shall. I want to believe that in sometime's tide we shall meet again, even though we scatter to the ends of the earth.

"We shall meet again in the books we read in common. We shall meet on the plane of significant ideas — scientific, humanistic, philosophical, religious, and contemporary — which we think and cherish in common. We shall meet again in the dreams which we cast before us as we journey through life. Surely we shall meet again on the horizons."

Need it be questioned if any student will ever forget such a moment as this?

As a dreamer of dreams, I think his greatest and most cherished dream was the dream of the University of tomorrow. I quote from the unpublished manuscript of one of his own University lectures, under the intriguing title of "The More Than in University Education." He says:

"Compared to the university of today there is in the More Than University less of organization, less of regimentation, less of supervision, less of timing.

"There is less of the vocational and more of the cultural.

"There is less of testing, less of grading, less of classification, and less of standardization.

"There is more of synthesis and less of analysis.

"More of creation and less of manufacturing.

"More of the individual and less of the crowd.

"More of joy and less of jazz.

"There is less of methods and more of morals.

"Less of efficiency and more of living.

"Less of the letter and more of the spirit.

"Less of science and more of art.

"Less of the factual and more of the More Than."

Could there be a more revealing picture of the spirit of this dreamer of dreams?

Finally, what simple tribute may the University best pay to this man who has so lately walked among us? In my search for the answer to this question, I came upon his address given at the celebration of the ninetieth anniversary of the University. Many of you will remember that evening when Dr. Shambaugh, in that memorable address, "The Old Stone Capitol Remembers", called the roll of the University's great teachers who had shaped the thought of youth on the Iowa campus in his time. The magnetic speaker had unrolled the panorama of the years of his experience in this institution, giving voice to his thoughts through the central symbol of our traditions which he loved so much, the Old Capitol. Then, as he approached the close of his address, he said:

"I can imagine that tonight the Old Stone Capitol will dream of thousands of students, inspired by the irresistible

human hope of a good life, lighting their candles at the shrines of great men (Hinrichs, Hammond, Currier, Calvin, McClain, Macbride, Anderson, Perkins, Weld, Wilcox, Loos, Breene, Beye, Shimek, and a score of others) and then with courage born of faith pressing on through this world of many conflicts toward the goals of their ambitions."

Is not this tribute in his own words, the highest we can pay the immortals of our University Community? To this roll of those whom the sons and daughters of Iowa will honor as long as Old Capitol stands I now add the name of Benjamin Franklin Shambaugh. It only remains for us, reverently and with bowed heads, to add his own phrase, "The Old Stone Capitol Remembers".

For the State

Mr. W. W. Waymack

Sometimes, not often in my case, when events have happened that we wish had not happened, one covets an opportunity to testify publicly.

I am speaking before many people who knew Benjamin Shambaugh at least more closely, perhaps better, than I. Many of you here have been virtually part of his "family". I have the disadvantage of having been only on the fringe. So I say to you, first, that we on the fringes, we who may loosely be called Iowa, rate your friend and your colleague as a great man, and a good.

The greatness of a man is measured by men ultimately always in terms of the good he has done, the example he has set, the inspiration and hope he has provided for other men. All the major heroes of the race are either men who had vision and humaneness and the general qualities of men at their highest and gentlest and most constructive, or at least men to whom we can attach a legend like that. The present moment in history is one that ought to underline this, for it is not the tigers that we who have ascended a little way from the jungle do revere.

Greatness and goodness, in the final test, fuse.

I speak for the State Historical Society of Iowa, and therefore in a broad sense for all to whom history at all, as well as Iowa history, is meaningful.

For a third of a century Benjamin Shambaugh substantially *was* the Historical Society. He was its leader, its energizer, its promoter, its manager, its soul. In his own writings, in the works that he inspired entirely, or encouraged and edited, in the research that he stimulated, Professor Shambaugh more than any other man has made the record of Iowa's past available for all the tomorrows.

I shall not recite the record. *There* is the big fact.

And of course his interest and stimulation went far beyond Iowa as to broader phases of the American record.

But more important, as I see it, than the concrete achievement, measurable in volumes and magazines and such, was the approach of his mind to this study of the past.

To him, history was not the past, not just that. To him, history was indivisible, save purely as a convenience. To him the past was but a set of roots. It was that part of life which had to be comprehended because of its relation to the greater part of life which has yet to be lived. He probed back and led others to probe back in order to find signposts, to discover causes and impulses and directions, to separate the pulses and fluctuations of progress from the broad sweep of it. He probed it to acquire and to spread understanding.

Clemenceau said of Poincare that he knew all things, and understood nothing. And he said of Briand that he knew nothing, and understood all things. Benjamin Shambaugh knew much, he respected the knowing of facts; and he understood more — most importantly the greater values of understanding than of mere knowing.

So he was consciously, deliberately, enthusiastically a popularizer of history as well as a researcher in it. He combined — and rare this is — the specialist and the democrat. He related, through his life and work, the service that lies in uncovering knowledge, and the use that must flow from it.

As our Iowa society more and more matures, the lead which he gave, the work which he did, the forces of historical understanding which he recognized and accelerated, will be more and more, not less and less, appreciated. It is the kind of monument that grows.

I speak, too, inadequately of course, for Benjamin Shambaugh's Iowa.

He was thoroughly an Iowan — was born in Iowa, on a farm — lived the whole of his life here — ran his career here — found his service and happiness here.

Yet he was all the while also a citizen of everywhere, at home in the broader reaches. His mind sped across the hilltops and drew innumerable others with him.

It is for others to dwell, if they choose, on his impact on this university. Yet this can not be dissociated from his influence on the people, of so many age levels, who *are* Iowa. Aside from the host to which he opened vistas here, he has touched, in his half century approximately of adult work here, great numbers of others, some in his home, some in historical groups, others in a dozen ways, and on all he left an impress.

He had vision. He had imagination. He propagandized for *both* constantly. He loved beauty, color, vitality, youth. He was himself, and still is, essentially Youth. He

is youth of the mind, rejecting completely the possibility of rigidity, narrowness, freezing. He is youth of the spirit, a something that can never speed the aging of any other man, that can only, as the years pass, go on smilingly, gently, persuasively, ebulliently resisting all that is cramped, all that is weary, all that is defeatist, all that is Death to the spirit of man and to the great urge of the race.

He opened wider horizons, not subconsciously but consciously. That was his *aim*.

Not farewell to you, therefore, Benjamin Shambaugh, in the sense of your having gone. It will be two-thirds of a century before even your human personality can vanish — as a living reality. And thereafter the fact of your having lived will still affect our Iowa.

Your faith that, even in troubled times, change and adjustment is forever possible within the frame of the liberal philosophy and by the mechanism of the democratic process, your inner assurance, rippling outward to others, that education, to the end of understanding, is the *way* — that is your more than golden gift, which we hope we may prove to deserve.

In Conclusion

Dr. Worthley

Dr. Shambaugh was accustomed to epitomize his philosophy of instruction to his students as they met together in the last session at the end of the year. Dean Packer has given you a portion of his message but its beauty will bear repeating, and it is, I am sure, most appropriate to bring these words from the classroom and weave them again into the final moments of this memorial hour. We shall let him say "Good-bye" to us, as he said it so many times to his students. In a way this is but a larger classroom for his voice and this is a great teacher's fond farewell.

"We have met and talked and read and thought together — for many weeks. And now we shall soon scatter to the ends of the earth. Shall we meet again? It is my hope that we shall. I want to believe that in sometime's tide we shall meet again, even though we scatter to the ends of the earth.

"We shall meet again in the books we read in common. We shall meet on the plane of significant ideas — scientific, humanistic, philosophical, religious, and contemporary — which we think and cherish in common. We shall meet again in the dreams which we cast before us as we journey through life. Surely we shall meet again on the horizons.

"It is my hope that wherever there is Truth, wherever there is Beauty, wherever there is Goodness, we shall meet

again, not face to face, but mind to mind, and soul to soul, though we are scattered to the ends of the earth.

"And now may each one of us carry on our lips the prayer of Socrates: 'Give me beauty in the inward soul and may the outward and inner man be as one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy; and may I have such a quantity of gold as a temperate man, and he only, can bear and carry.'

"And to the journey's end may we sing with Tagore:

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the innermost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.

Silent prayer.

To the subdued melody of "Going Home" the minister read from the Thirty-ninth and the One Hundred Thirty-ninth Psalms:

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall

hold me. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry . . . for I am a stranger . . . and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

Benediction: "And now may the spirit of life and of love lift our hearts and bring us all into a secret and silent fellowship that may never end."

In the Beauty of the Earth

The Reverend Evans A. Worthley

[It was the request of Professor Shambaugh in the fullness of his powers that his ashes be scattered over the University Campus where he had spent all but the first sixteen years of his life.]

As the setting sun lowers in the west we scatter the ashes of Benjamin Franklin Shambaugh where he wished them to find their final home. The Old Capitol will guard them; the grass and the trees will cherish them. Here on this western slope some silent and secret record of his life will be forever written in the beauty of the earth. In the name of the pioneers of Iowa, whose sons and daughters he taught, and for whose posterity he dreamed the noblest dream of man, we commit

> His body back to Nature's care,
> His spirit out to thee, God of the open air.